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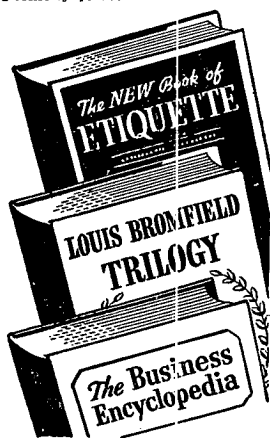
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in the *New York Mirror*



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# *The American* MERCURY

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## HITLER'S BLUEPRINT FOR A SLAVE WORLD

BY EUGENE LYONS

THE little Austrian corporal born Adolf Schickelgruber has broken all his promises to neighboring nations — but has played true to his own obsessions. He has used lies and trickery recklessly as weapons of policy — but has remained faithful to his own fantastic compact with destiny. In his years of absolute power he has proved that his plighted word is worth nothing — his megalomaniac visions, everything. The tragedy of the European democracies is that they believed Hitler's diplomatic lies and disbelieved his fantastic truths. Those pathetic "practical" political tradesmen, the Chamberlains and Daladiers, took seriously the Führer's sober pledges and treaties, but they ignored or dismissed his intoxicated talk of "total

war," "Aryan mastery of Europe," and "world dominion." Poland and the Scandinavian lands accepted Hitler's assurances of respect for their independence, but brushed aside his talk about inferior peoples and mongrel races as mere rhetorical ranting. The cosmic joke of our epoch is that sane and logical covenants have been exploded into nothingness; the ravings and rantings are coming true. The fact is that Adolf Hitler, the most devastating and revolutionary personality of our time, follows literally the amazing blueprint of his frenzied ambitions and apocryphal visions.

As the Nazi hordes plunge from victory to victory, mankind asks itself: What kind of world will this be, if Hitler's Third Reich is com-

pletely triumphant? What will it do with the conquered nations, with its subservient allies, with the shuddering neutrals beyond immediate grasp, including the United States of America?

Hitler himself and his anointed spokesmen have answered these questions — answered them in words and in the language of deeds in regions already under their control. A rough outline of the world-to-come can be traced from the writings and speeches of the Führer, Nazi theorists like Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, the passionate oratory of their disciples; extraordinary details have been added by the out-of-school tales of renegade Nazi leaders like Dr. Hermann Rauschning, former President of the Danzig Senate, and more recently Dr. Otto Strasser, one of the former leaders of the National Socialist (Nazi) Party.

It all adds up to a startling plan for revamping the whole globe — not merely a political reshuffling of countries, territories and colonies, but a revision of their internal economies and social institutions. It adds up to *Hitler's blueprint for a slave world*. It envisions a pyramid of graded races, from the inferior helot peoples at the base to the *Herren*-race of Germans at the apex; and within each country,

likewise, an armed and cultured master-class at the top and illiterate, obedient slaves below.

The danger, again, is that the world may brush aside that blueprint as exaggerated and incredible. What Hitler intends as literal statements of purpose may be shrugged off as “figures of speech.” There is no denying that his blueprint does stagger the imagination. Just as there are certain colors in the spectrum which the normal eye cannot see, so there are ideas which the normal Western democratic mind cannot grasp. But the Nazi plans for bringing “order” and “organization” into the world are none the less real because they fall into that ultra-violet range of ideas. The Hitler-minded, in Germany and elsewhere, abhor the “confusion” and “inefficiency” of many sovereign countries and many conflicting opinions and free economic relations among men. They hate the “turmoil” of democratic liberties. Theirs is a deep passion for organization and order — the ordered and organized life of a well-run prison, in which they are the wardens, their totalitarian allies the trustees, and all lesser breeds the inmates.

We shall be making the same fatal mistake as the European democracies if we refuse to believe

this Nazi vision of a *systematized* world. The resistance of the chosen victims and miscalculations in the blueprint may defeat the vision. But there can be no doubt that the German leaders mean it, literally and fanatically.

## II

*Heute gehört uns Deutschland,  
Morgen die ganze Welt . . .*

"Today we own Germany, tomorrow the whole world." These are the words of a Hitler Youth marching song and proof, if any were needed, that the Nazi doctrine is not, as assumed by so many writers and speakers on the subject, extreme nationalism. It is, rather, extreme *internationalism*. Not, of course, the sentimental, idealistic internationalism of equal countries in a free world, but of empire carried to the utmost bounds. The dreams of Caesar and Napoleon, the schemes of the most ambitious British empire builders, are pale against the all-embracing plans of the Nazi world-regimenters.

"There can be only one power in Europe," Hitler told Dr. Otto Strasser, "and Germany, in which the purest Aryanism is incarnated, is called upon to become that power. The other nations are all mongrel. . . ." The achievement

of overlordship in Europe he considered the first stage of his "world-plan." An editorial in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, in May, expressed the same motivating vision: Germany, it said, must "accomplish its natural mission of leadership and throw the concentrated force of European civilization as a closed entity into the contest of world politics." Robert Ley, Nazi theorist and Labor Front head, thinks on the same world-wide scale when he writes of Hitler, as he did in the *Angriff* on May 14:

He brought Germany to reason and thereby made us happy. We are convinced he will bring Europe and the world to reason and thereby make Europe and the World happy. That is his irrevocable mission.

Back in 1934, when "the mission" was only a distant hope, Hitler told Dr. Rauschnig\*:

In the center I shall place the steely core of a Greater Germany welded into an indissoluble unity. Then Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, western Poland. A block of one hundred million, indestructible, without a flaw, without an alien element, the firm foundation of our power. Then an Eastern alliance: Poland, the Baltic states, the Ukraine, the Volga basin, Georgia. An alliance, but not of equal partners; it will be an alliance of vassal states, with no army, no separate policy, no separate economy. I have no intention of making concessions on sentimental grounds,

\* All quotations from Dr. Rauschnig are from his book *The Voice of Destruction*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

such as re-establishing Hungary, for example. I make no distinction between friends and enemies. The day of small states is past, in the west as well. I shall have a Western union, too, of Holland, Flanders, Northern France, and a Northern union of Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

This is the "unification of Europe" of which Dr. Rosenberg writes continually. On January 30, Hitler complained that "For 300 years England pursued the aim of preventing a real consolidation of Europe, just as France sought for centuries to prevent a consolidation of Germany." It is in the name of such "unity" and "consolidation"—the kind of merging achieved by a cat that swallows a canary—that the Nazi *Blitzkrieg* is striking. The Reich press harps endlessly on this one string: "The German epoch has begun and the history of Europe will again be primarily a German history." Alfred Rosenberg has put it on a wider, more fake-altruistic base, but the idea is the same:

Germany has become the protector of the endangered and oppressed continent. It is fighting against an unholy division of the old and venerable European continent into dozens of pigmy States. National Socialist Germany, the heart of Central Europe, enters upon its historic rights.

Hitler's great rôle, in his own view, was to make possible this ascendancy by restoring in the

German *Volk* "that sure herd instinct which is rooted in the unity of the blood." It was the atrophy of that instinct, said he, which "has deprived us of world dominion. If, in its historical development, the German people had possessed this group unity as it was enjoyed by other peoples, then the German Reich would today be mistress of this globe." *World dominion . . . mistress of this globe . . .* These are not rhetorical embellishments, but literal lines in the blueprint. The adjustment of this or that country in the pattern is a matter of detail, subject to variation, but the basic plan remains.

France and England are doomed in this plan, surviving only as fourth-rate "vassal states." They are, for Hitler, effete, senile, hopeless. In his biography he underlined the need of "once and for all blotting out the French" who were becoming a "European-African mulatto state." Dr. Strasser quotes him as saying: "When the hour comes to settle accounts with France, the Treaty of Versailles will look like a child's toy compared to the terms we will impose on that country." As for the British, here is what he told Dr. Rauschning:

If you no longer have the strength to rule by means of force, and are too

humane to give orders, then it's time to resign. Britain will yet regret her softness. It will cost her her Empire. Even if an old ruling class may be able to vegetate for another decade or so without any real leadership, a new Empire can never rise otherwise than by blood and iron, by a firm and brutal force.

There is no ground for assuming that the Nazis, having gorged on conquest, will become satiated at some stage in the process. Their dynamism is conceived of as perpetual. "He who wants to live," Hitler wrote in *Mein Kampf*, "must fight, and he who does not want to battle in this world of eternal struggle does not deserve to be alive." This conception of war as the desirable norm and peace as the exception runs all through Nazi philosophy. As recently as March 10 Hitler declared:

Nations are judged by providence according to the strength of their soldiers, and if they are found wanting they are erased from the book of life.

Only after the German *Volk* has attained the world leadership to which it is divinely ordained, can the world expect peace — an armed *Pax Germanica*; to quote *Mein Kampf* again:

A peace supported not by the palm branches of tearful pacifist professional female mourners, but founded by the victorious sword of a people of overlords which puts the world into the service of a higher culture.

Neither Italy nor Russia, vassals who are for the moment more useful as ostensible allies, can derive much joy from the Nazi vision of the world-to-be. Of Il Duce's people the Führer said, in the hearing of Dr. Rauschning:

The Italians can never be trained to become a warlike people, nor has Fascism ever understood the real meaning of the great upheaval of our era. Of course we can make temporary alliances with Italy; but ultimately we National Socialists stand alone, as the only ones who know the secret of these gigantic changes, and therefore as those chosen to set their seal on the coming age.

As to Hitler's opinion of Russia and the Russians, it is too notorious to need repeating. The alliance with Stalin which touched off the present war was a maneuver, a stratagem, with no more intrinsic validity than any other Nazi commitment. Whether the Kremlin clique will be allowed a seeming autonomy, or whether their capitulation to Berlin will be more open, the essence of the matter remains the same: Russia will be an economic appendage to Germany, should the blueprint become a reality. Already German specialists are infiltrating Russian economic life, German officers are active in the Red Army. To the Nazis the Slavs are useful only when properly handled by a su-

perior race. The key to Russia's rôle may be found, perhaps, in this judgment by Hitler in his autobiography:

... The organization of a Russian state structure was not the result of Russian Slavdom's state-political capacity, but rather a wonderful example of the state-building activity of the German element in an inferior race. ... Inferior nations with German organizers have more than once expanded into powerful state structures. ... For centuries Russia drew nourishment from this Germanic nucleus of its superior strata of leaders.

### III

When German domination is accomplished, Hitler has said, "there will still be the class of subject alien races; *we need not hesitate to call them the modern slave class.*" That he means this literally is already evident in the fate meted out to the conquered Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Norwegians, Danes, Austrians. Not all are treated alike. *Inequality*, pyramidal hierarchy, as opposed to the democratic assumption of theoretical equality, is basic in Nazi thought and action. Those who, like the Austrians and Sudeten-Germans and Danzigers, are regarded as sharing the precious Germanic blood, are absorbed. Some of them are even uprooted and forced to migrate to join their blood-brothers — note the Baltic

German exodus from Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania. Others, regarded as closer to the Aryan stock, are given a degree of autonomy; the Danes and the Dutch, for example, may expect this preferential status. The rest are scheduled for exploitation, like domestic animals: work-beasts, hundreds of millions of them, protected and used by the armed *Herren*-class.

There will be no equality even in vassalage. Within each region or country, there will be further gradations, ranging from the work-beasts to the overseers for the Reich. In part they will be direct representatives of the conquering Reich, in part they will be drawn from local Teutonic groups or from others who share the totalitarian point of view. Slovakia, with its circumscribed local autonomy under German police and army control, presents a sketchy preview of the system.

The Hitler concept of a human *élite*, not only among races but within each race, has not been well understood. Germans outside the Reich, in particular, are deluded into believing that their rôle in a German-dominated world will necessarily be that of superiors. The Nazi scheme does not promise that *all* Germans will rule. "The selection of a new Führer class," Hitler



told Dr. Rauschning, "is my struggle for power. . . . This is the great revolutionary significance of our long, dogged struggle for power, that in it will be born a new *Herren*-class, chosen to guide the fortunes not only of the German people, but of the world. . . ." At one end "will stand the new high aristocracy, the most deserving and the most responsible Führer-personalities." At the other end "there will be the great mass of the anonymous, the serving collective, the eternally disfranchised." And he was speaking of Germans!

Even as in the present Reich there are endless refinements of status and privilege, "citizens" and "subjects" in various degrees, so there will be gradations among races, nations and within each of them. The cultural advances of the Aryans, Hitler explained in *Mein Kampf*,

are nearly always decisively determined by the available soil, the climate, and — by the subjected people. The latter, however, is the most decisive of all factors. Without this possibility of utilizing inferior men, the Aryan would never have been able to take the first steps towards his later culture; exactly as, without the help of various suitable animals which he knew how to tame, he would never have arrived at a technology which now allows him to do without these very animals. . . .

There we have the philosophical basis for the slave armies into

which Poles, Czechs and other conquered peoples are now herded. In appointing him Governor-General of Poland, Hitler ordered Dr. Hans Frank to turn the country into "a supply area for the Third Reich." There is no room in such an order, obviously, for the democratic foolishness of culture for the masses, literacy, universal education. The Führer has only contempt for the "stupidity" of the British in permitting colonial peoples to acquire knowledge and ambitions unsuited to their racial status. Certainly he will permit no such stupidity in his realms. "Complete freedom of choice in education," says he, "is the privilege of the *élite* and of those whom they have especially admitted." He will not follow the example of the "depraved bourgeois world" and commit "a sin against all reason" by training "born half-apes" to read and write. The quotes are from *Mein Kampf*. Elsewhere he has said:

Universal education is the most corroding and disintegrating poison that liberalism has ever invented for its own destruction. . . . There must be only one possible education for each class, for each subdivision of a class. . . . We must therefore be consistent and allow the great mass of the lowest order the blessings of illiteracy.

These principles will, of course, be applied to the conquered helot races and nations, and to the

"eternally disfranchised" mass in the more favored "allied" nations in a camouflaged dominion status. Only the Reich will be armed — control of death-dealing weapons, like literacy, cannot be trusted to inferiors and half-apes — and all the guiding strings of world economy will be in the fists of the Reich. Even before Europe was wholly vanquished, Nazi economists suggested the "unification" of the continental monetary system — by the simple device of substituting the Reichsmark for all other currencies. And a financial writer in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, in June, said almost casually that after the Reich has conquered France and Britain, it will declare war on the gold standard. With some 70 per cent of the world's gold in the United States, that would amount to a declaration of economic war on this country. But no such declaration would be needed. In the nature of the situation, the totalitarian economy, once it is consolidated, would be in mortal conflict with what is left of the liberal private economy.

#### IV

Nowhere has Adolf Hitler or any one of his satellites exempted the American hemisphere from these

plans for "organizing" the human race under German leadership. On the contrary, the Nazi theories of world dominion have been consistently applied to our half of the globe. Hitler has described the political and social institutions of the United States as "the last disgusting death-rattle of a corrupt and outworn system which is a blot on the history of this people." The "decay" of the country, he explained to Dr. Rauschning, deepened when the North won the Civil War:

The beginnings of a great new social order based on the principle of slavery and inequality were destroyed by that war, and with them also the embryo of a future truly great America that would not have been ruled by a corrupt caste of tradesmen, but by a real *Herren*-class that would have swept away all the falsities of liberty and equality.

Then he added:

National Socialism alone is destined to liberate the American people from their ruling clique and give them back the means of becoming a great nation. . . . I shall undertake this task simultaneously with the restoration of Germany to her leading position in America.

This "restoration" of German mastery in America comes like an unexpected blow to the American reader. But it is a standard and routine thought in Nazi literature. It has been elaborated with startling candor by the Nazi propagan-

dist, Dr. Colin Ross, in two books, *Unser Amerika* and *Der Balkan Amerikas*. Its thesis, in brief, is that such success as America has achieved it owes to the Germans in its population; that 12,500,000 Americans are German blood-brothers; and that their task is to "rejuvenate" the nation so that it may take its proper place in Hitler's world-plan. Let's taste this brew from the Colin Ross barrel:

Expressed in its briefest terms, our idea is simply this: America is ours. America is ours not only because German blood flows in the veins of at least twenty or thirty million Americans . . . but because in its origins America is a creature of the German spirit. . . . The question is whether these millions of German people recognize their hour of destiny, whether they are aware that a decisive moment has struck. . . .

\* \* \*

Just as a father proudly speaks of a son who attained gold and glory as "My Son" without claiming a share of his wealth, so we, without fear of criticism, may justifiably say of the New World across the Atlantic created by us: *Unser Amerika!*

Dr. Ross believes that "America's German hour" is about to strike. With Hitler he is convinced that America would be "a mere nothing without us (Germans)." He predicts in print "the ultimate victory of dictatorship in the United States because of the collapse of liberty and democracy."

But the Nazis are not content to wait for such automatic processes. They take history by the horns. It is inevitable, therefore, that their writings on America should go into great detail on the military disposition of all the American republics, the vulnerability of the Panama Canal, and related matters. "We shall train our youth and we shall have men whom degenerate Yankeeedom will not be able to challenge," Hitler boasted. His creature, Dr. Ross, makes it more specific in an analysis of the vulnerability of the American hemisphere, in which he points to Central America as the weakest link:

We on our part are too little aware of the uniquely favorable position of Central America from the world-political point of view. . . . A single effective bomb on the locks can cripple Canal traffic for a long time.

General Haushofer, one of the foremost military theorists behind Hitler, in his famous book *Geopolitik des Pazifischen Ozean*, charts the whole process of direct and indirect German penetration and conquest in America. "Important sections of Latin America are significant for our future because of the sparse population of their vast expanses," he states. For years these thoughts have been translated into open and subterranean action through Bunds, through false-face

cultural organizations, and through indigenous American or Latin American groups in essential sympathy with the Nazi philosophy. No exception was made for the Americas when Goebbels declared, in a speech on March 23, 1936:

He who would gain much must risk much. . . . The government is resolved to institute German order throughout the world. The world will have to reckon with German business, with German soldiers and cannon.

In the past the end of a war meant a new stabilization of national entities. Though stripped of land, colonies and influence, the losers continued to live their own type of life internally. Though defeated by Bismarck in 1870, France continued to live its French life and to work out its own political and social patterns. That sort of tolerance is over, should Hitler win. The losers will be told how to live, whom to obey. In the Nazi conception there can be no peace, but at most a pause in the dynamics of German conquest. Theirs is a "permanent revolution" as long as there are corners of the globe to be revolutionized by force. Whether through native fascist groups or direct German tutelage, the dominated regions will be "integrated" into the larger scheme. The domination will necessarily express it-

self also in economic terms — through a "managed" currency, planned world trade, large-scale monopoly barter.

Such is the blueprint for a slave world. For a parallel we need not look to modern empires like the British, French, Dutch or our own. We shall find its approximation more readily in the ancient Aztec system or in the Mongol empire of Ghengiz Khan: subject nations and subject peoples serving an aristocratic *élite*, with a Führer-emperor at the peak. Within it there will be degrees of dependence. Fascist Italy may have its sphere of authority in the Mediterranean, Soviet Russia in Central Asia and India, Japan in the Pacific . . . perhaps the United States in the Western world. But the Führers in these regions would be little more than *Gauleiters*, viceroys, of the German Führer. Their economies would be geared to the needs of the master-race in Germany.

This grandiose undertaking may fail — I believe ultimately it must fail. That, however, does not relieve us of the duty to understand what the Nazis are aiming at. Even if it fails utterly, Hitler's blueprint for a slave world will remain the most extraordinary project ever evolved by the fevered mind of man.

► *About your arty friends who escape  
it all in the cosy country jungles*

## THE HOLLYHOCK SOWERS

BY THOMAS WOLFE

THERE are some men who are unequal to the conditions of modern life, and who have accordingly retreated from the tough realities which they cannot face. They form a separate group or family or race, a little world which has no boundary lines of country or of place. One finds a surprising number of them in America, particularly in the more sequestered purlieus of Boston, Cambridge, and Harvard University. One finds them also in New York's Greenwich Village, and when even that makeshift Little Bohemia becomes too harsh for them, they retire into a kind of desiccated country life.

For all such people the country becomes the last refuge. They buy little farms in Connecticut or Vermont, renovate the fine old houses with just a shade too much of whimsey or of restrained good taste. Their quaintness is a little too quaint, their simplicity a little too subtle, and on the old farms that they buy no utilitarian seeds are sown and no grain grows. They go in for flowers, and in time they

learn to talk very knowingly about the rarer varieties. They love the simple life, of course. They love the good feel of "the earth." They are just a shade too conscious of "the earth," and one often hears them say, the women as well as the men, how much they love to work in it.

And work in it they do. In spring they work on their new rock garden, with the assistance of only one other man — some native of the region who hires himself out for wages, and whose homely virtues and more crotchety characteristics they quietly observe and tell amusing stories about to their friends. Their wives work in the earth, too, attired in plain yet not unattractive frocks, and they even learn to clip the hedges, wearing canvas gloves to protect their hands. These dainty and lovely creatures become healthily embrowned; their comely forearms take on a golden glow, their faces become warm with soaked-up sunlight, and sometimes they even have a soft, faint down of gold just barely visible above

the cheekbone. They are good to see.

In winter there are also things to do. The snows come down, and the road out to the main highway becomes impassable to cars for three weeks at a time. Not even the trucks of the A. & P. can get through. So for three whole weeks on end they have to plod their way out on foot, a good three-quarters of a mile, to lay in provisions. The days are full of other work as well. People in cities may think that country life is dull in winter, but that is because they simply do not know. The squire becomes a carpenter. He is working on his play, of course, but in between times he makes furniture. It is good to be able to do something with one's hands. He has a workshop fitted up in the old barn. There he has his studio, too, where he can carry on his intellectual labors undisturbed. The children are forbidden to go there. And every morning, after taking the children to school, the father can return to his barn-studio and have the whole morning free to get on with the play.

It is a fine life for the children, by the way. In summer they play and swim and fish and get wholesome lessons in practical democracy by mingling with the hired man's children. In winter they go to an ex-

cellent private school two miles away. It is run by two very intelligent people, an expert in planned economy and his wife, an expert in child psychology, who between them are carrying on the most remarkable experiments in education.

Life in the country is really full of absorbing interests which city folk know nothing about. For one thing, there is local politics, in which they become passionately involved. They attend all the town meetings, become hotly partisan over the question of a new floor for the bridge across the creek, take sides against old Abner Jones, the head selectman, and in general back up the younger, more progressive element. Over week-ends, they have the most enchanting tales to tell their city friends about these town meetings. They are full of stories, too, about all the natives, and can make the most sophisticated visitor howl with laughter when, after coffee and brandy in the evening, the squire and his wife go through their two-part recital of Seth Freeman's involved squabble and lawsuit with Rob Perkins over a stone fence. One really gets to know his neighbors in the country. It is a whole world in itself. Life here is simple, yet it is good.

## II

In their old farmhouse they eat by candlelight at night. The pine paneling in the dining room has been there more than two hundred years. They have not changed it. In fact, the whole front part of the house is just the same as it has always been. All they have added is the new wing for the children. Of course, they had to do a great deal when they bought the place. It had fallen into shocking disrepair. The floors and sills were rotten and had to be replaced. They also built a concrete basement and installed an oil furnace. This was costly, but it was worth the price. The people who had sold them the house were natives of the region who had gone to seed. The farm had been in that one family for five generations. It was incredible, though, to see what they had done to the house. The sitting room floor had been covered with an oilcloth carpet. And in the dining room, right beside this beautiful old Revolutionary china chest, which they had persuaded the people to sell with the house, had been an atrocious phonograph with one of those old-fashioned horns. Can one imagine that?

Of course they had to furnish the house anew from cellar to garret. Their city stuff just wouldn't do at

all. It had taken time and hard work, but by going quietly about the countryside and looking into farmers' houses, they have managed to pick up very cheaply the most exquisite pieces, most of them dating back to Revolutionary times, and now the whole place is in harmony at last. They even drink their beer from pewter mugs. Grace discovered these, covered with cobwebs, in the cellar of an old man's house. He was eighty-seven, he said, and the mugs had belonged to his father before him. He'd never had no use for 'em himself, and if she wanted 'em he calc'lated that twenty cents apiece would be all right. Isn't it delicious! And everyone agrees it is.

The seasons change and melt into one another, and they observe the seasons. They would not like to live in places where no seasons were. The adventure of the seasons is always thrilling. There is the day in late summer when someone sees the first duck flying south, and they know by this token that the autumn of the year has come. Then there is the first snowflake that melts as it falls to usher in the winter. But the most exciting of all is the day in early spring when someone discovers that the first snowdrop has opened or that the first starling has come. They keep a



diary of the seasons, and they write splendid letters to their city friends:

"I think you would like it now. The whole place is simply frantic with spring. I heard a thrush for the first time today. Overnight, almost, our old apple trees have burst into full bloom. If you wait another week, it will be too late. So do come, won't you? You'll love our orchard and our twisted, funny, dear old apple trees. They've been here, most of them, I suspect, for eighty years. It's not like modern orchards, with their little regiments of trees. We don't get many apples. They are small and sharp and tart, and twisted like the trees themselves, and there are never too many of them, but always just enough. Somehow we love them all the better for it. It's so New England."

So year follows year in healthy and happy order. The first year the rock garden gets laid down and the little bulbs and Alpine plants set out. Hollyhocks are sown all over the place, against the house and beside the fences. By the next year they are blooming in gay profusion. It is marvelous how short a time it takes. That second year he builds the studio in the barn, doing most of the work with his own hands, with only the simple assistance of

the hired man. The third year — the children are growing up now; they grow fast in the country — he gets the swimming pool begun. The fourth year it is finished. Meanwhile he is busy on his play, but it goes slowly because there is so much else that has to be done.

The fifth year — well, one does miss the city sometimes. They would never think of going back there to live. This place is wonderful, except for three months in the winter. So this year they are moving in and taking an apartment for the three bad months. Grace, of course, loves music and misses the opera, while he likes the theatre, and it *will* be good to have again the companionship of certain people whom they know. This is the greatest handicap of country life — the natives make fine neighbors, but one sometimes misses the intellectual stimulus of city life. And so this year he has decided to take the old girl in. They'll see the shows and hear the music and renew their acquaintance with old friends and find out what is going on. They might even run down to Bermuda for three weeks in February. Or to Haiti. That's a place, he's heard, that modern life has hardly touched. They have windmills and go in for voodoo worship. It's all savage and most primitively color-

ful. It will get them out of the rut to go off somewhere on a trip. Of course they'll be back in the country by the first of April.

Such is the fugitive pattern in one of its most common manifestations. And always with this race of men the fundamental inner structure of illusion and defeat is the same. All of them betray themselves by the same weaknesses. They flee a world they are not strong enough to meet. If they have talent, it is a talent that is not great enough to win for them the fulfillment and success which they pretend to scorn, but for which each of them would sell the pitifully small remnant of his meager soul. If they want to create, they do not want it hard enough to make and shape and finish something in spite of hell and heartbreak. If they want to work, they do not want it genuinely enough to work and keep on

working till their eyeballs ache and their brains are dizzy, to work until their loins are dry, their vitals hollow, to work until the whole-world reels before them in a grey blur of weariness and depleted energy, to work until their tongues cleave to their mouths and their pulses hammer like dry mallets at their temples, to work until no work is left in them, until there is no rest and no repose, until they cannot sleep, until they can do nothing and can work no more — and then work again.

They are the pallid half-men of the arts, more desolate and damned than if they had been born with no talent at all, more lacking in their lack, possessing half, than if their lack had been complete. And so, half full of purpose, they eventually flee the task they are not equal to — and they potter, tinker, garden, carpenter, and drink.

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## ODE ON A BOMBING PLANE

ALL hail to man! the gymnast of the sky,  
Who falls the lowest when he soars most high,  
And, dropping from the clouds red bomb and shell,  
Has made of heaven itself a path to hell!

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

## HARD FACTS ON AIR POWER

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

A SINGLE automotive manufacturing company proposes the production of 1000 airplanes a day. Not to be outdone in a hard competitive world, other manufacturers promise to match the figure. Someone else raises the ante. Soon our headlines and Sunday feature sections fairly swarm with airplanes, all neatly standardized and equipped with the latest adjectives. If the war for which we are presumably preparing should be fought on typewriters and adding machines, we should win hands down. Unfortunately it must be fought in real time and space, under conditions involving *quality* as well as quantity factors. Unfortunately, too, the simplest warplane is more complex than the most complicated automobile. So let's pull the brakes on runaway rhetoric and face the aeronautic facts of life.

Of course we could turn out 1000 or 5000 planes a day—American productive genius can accomplish almost anything. In theory we could build a final as-

sembly line stretching from coast to coast. But how soon could it be done and, more important, would it meet our need for adequate defense?

It should be noted that arithmetical optimism in this matter of mass production is roughly in inverse ratio to the speaker's distance from the practical job of building and operating warplanes. The American aviation industry itself, which knows most about the problem, is the most modest in making promises. It is at present producing about twenty airplanes a day, yet it must wait for months in some instances for the delivery of aluminum and magnesium alloys and other essential materials. By what magic will the automotive industry step up the flow of such deficit materials by some 5000 per cent? By what industrial sorcery will it be able to get the necessary skilled labor in six months or twelve months? And after the planes are rushed off the belt at such a terrific rate, by what necromancy will we call into being

the immense storage and maintenance facilities and the millions of men as trained crews to operate and maintain these swarms of planes?

The whole numerical approach to the problem is ill conceived, misleading and technically cock-eyed. It is as though you or I, needing a home, proceeded to buy up building material of all sorts in vast quantities and at random, in the panicky hope that some of it might prove useful. Obviously we had better decide first whether it is a granite castle or a log cabin we want to build, and how we want it to serve us. We must first reach a thorough conception of the kind of national air defense we need, and then proceed in orderly fashion to translate the conception into reality.

\* \* \*

Most automobile factory buildings are wholly unsuited for the assembly of aircraft. Only part of their machinery and equipment can be adapted to the production of planes. Their basic manufacturing assumptions — of fixed and standardized models “frozen” for a period — are in conflict with the dynamics of aerial warfare. The extent of inter-relating industries, manufacturing the parts and delicate equipment incorporated in an

airplane, is immensely wider than in an automobile. The construction of a plane — whether a huge bomber, a transport or a single-seated fighter — can be more properly compared with that of a battleship, a steamship or destroyer than that of an automobile.

The smallest tactical airplane, the single-seater pursuit, has an engine, its own electrical power plant, its own broadcasting radio station; it has vacuum and pressure pumps, armament, bomb-sights and gunsights and bomb-rack releases; it has navigational instruments of the most delicate nature. Consider merely the gyroscopic instruments. The Sperry Gyroscope Company has spent years in research to develop them and maintains a highly specialized crew which is already working at capacity. How can any automobile concern raise the gyroscopic output a hundredfold in six or twelve months and accomplish the same miracle in relation to radio, instruments, hydraulics, armament, and scores of other industries integrated with the manufacture of an airplane? Thinking on the subject will be forced closer to reality if the warplane is regarded as a battleship with wings rather than an automobile with wings.

The notion being propagated

that the automotive and aviation industries are akin is not merely wrong. It is mischievous. In the past the automotive corporations tried to break into aircraft building. They invested and lost millions in the experiment and finally had to lay off — except where they brought in aeronautical experts and gave them a free rein in management. The basic principles and mental attitudes in the two industries are different.

Consider a detail. The public was impressed by the statement that electric welding would be substituted for riveting in the interests of mass output. Government regulations at present forbid electric welding on stress-carrying parts of aircraft. If production standards are to be lowered to step up the speed of manufacture, the aviation industry can avail itself of such dispensation no less than other industries.

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To attempt to cure our deficiency in national defense by sheer quantity would be about as reasonable as trying to cure a patient by forcing the whole contents of the medicine cabinet down his throat. Those who want to put such a gigantic plan into effect — gigantic in size and in absurdity — have no idea of the air defense problem facing the

country. Aerial defense does not involve one type of aircraft, but many types with a definite quantitative relation among them. It is a matter of balance. The statement that we plan to build 1000 pursuits a day implies the building of a total of at least 5000 aircraft a day, some of them with a wing spread of 200 feet and weighing 100 tons. Such a task would call for thousands of miles in a single assembly line.

The aerial strength of a nation is measured not only by its number of planes in service at the moment hostilities begin, but by its ability to produce them faster than the enemy. *But* the tempo of production is meaningless unless it makes full provision for the proper tactical quality of the airplanes. The science of aviation is developing too rapidly to be put into a strait-jacket of rigid mass production methods. Our aeronautical industries can be geared to large-scale output only in a way that does not limit their capacity for continuous improvement and revision. The military characteristics and tactical prerequisites of any type of aircraft must be adjusted to actual experience in action — and to the strategic problems set by the enemy's achievements in aviation.

An effective combination of

quantity production with flexibility — the need for refinement at a moment's notice — such is the axiom of production for proper air defense. It is along these lines that our aircraft industries have been trained and that the creative minds in these industries necessarily function. It is the axiom on which aviation labor has been trained and aviation plants erected and maintained. These limitations are not wilful; they have been determined by the nature of the problem. Unless aviation production is left in the hands of those who understand its underlying principles, we are headed for chaos and calamity.

Other industries can and must be helpful, but only by making their facilities available for sub-assemblies, and sub-contracting of parts, accessories and scores of other gadgets which are susceptible of mass production. The planning, assembly and supervision of aircraft — and finally also the policies of air defense — must remain under the leadership of aviation experts. The illusion that those supremely able to build bathtubs can also build battleships is a peculiarly American self-deception.

Our aviation industry is nearly forty years old. It is a grown-up industry with a grown-up's problems, ambitions and sphere of oper-

ation. Perhaps it is not strange that older industries — and the Army and Navy — should feel a paternal possessiveness. But they should not insist on keeping the mature industry in knee-pants. The fundamental lesson of the European war has been the decisive importance of air power. The aviation industry must meet the challenge, because no one else conceivably can do so. Under the circumstances the industry should be freed not only from the paternal restraints of the older services, but from the well-meaning intrusion of older industries. Aviation cannot be kept in knee-pants or subjected to the ministrations of a governess in the shape of the automotive industry, intent on teaching it to add two and two when it is already master of calculus.

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The prize for futility should go to those who keep up the raucous argument about the relative merits of naval and air power. It is as inane as an argument about the superiority of the train over the steamer. Each operates in its own medium, and when we span a waterway with a bridge, the medium suddenly changes — the train or automobile suddenly becomes more effective than a ferryboat in crossing the river. Wherever air

power — meaning the whole organization, from bombers to pursuits — can bridge a water gap both ways without stop, it is self-evidently more efficient than sea power.

The present war is less than a year old, but it has taught us one clear and indisputable principle: *that no land or sea operations are possible where control of the air is in the hands of the adversary.* There were those who credited the success of the Dunkerque evacuation across the English Channel almost entirely to the supremacy of the British fleet. As one who was trained in naval fighting and graduated to aerial combat, I would be the last to question a naval achievement. But in the Dunkerque episode I was compelled to declare publicly — in an article for the United Press on June 3 — that “this withdrawal operation was accomplished primarily because of British local superiority in the air.”

Having been oversold on the strength of Germany's air force, the world questioned this judgment. The fact, however, is that British air fighters like the Spitfire, Hurricane and Defiant are masters of any German pursuit plane; that they in fact established control of the air over the Channel; and that without such control the

evacuation would have been disastrous. That supremacy, however, applies only within the radius of action of the British pursuits, which is not more than 150 miles, with an average of 100 miles — remembering that they have to climb and proceed at full speed and fight at full throttle. Under these conditions engines use three times as much fuel as at normal cruising speeds; consequently the range of action is greatly decreased. Taking Canterbury or Dover as centers, it will be seen that the range covers thoroughly Dunkerque and its environs — but does not touch the Skagerrak.

That was why the Skagerrak belonged to the Germans and the Channel belonged to the British, so that British fleet operations were successful in the latter and not in the former. In the Norwegian theatre of conflict the bombers reached the scene without escort of pursuit planes, so that their operations proved costly and ineffective. The pursuits provided by airplane carriers did not help much, since their encumbrance of deck-landing devices and other naval requisites makes them no match for land-based fighters. In the Channel action the conditions were reversed, and Britain quickly took control.



Two weeks after I had made this analysis in the United Press article, it was substantially confirmed by Prime Minister Winston Churchill. Speaking on June 18, he contrasted the Norwegian and Channel actions:

In the Skagerrak, because of the distance, we could give no air support to our surface ships and consequently, lying as we did close to the enemy's main air power in Norwegian waters, we were compelled to use only our submarines. We could not enforce a decisive blockade or interruption of the enemy's surface vessels. Our vessels took heavy toll but could not prevent the invasion. But in the Channel and in the North Sea, on the other hand, our forces, aided by submarines, will operate with close and effective air assistance. . . . In the fighting over Dunkerque, which was a sort of No Man's Land, we undoubtedly gained a local mastery of the air and inflicted on the German Air Force losses on the scale of three or four to one. Anyone looking at the photographs of the re-embarkation, showing the masses of troops assembled on the beaches, affording an ideal target for hours at a time, must realize that this embarkation would not have been possible unless the enemy had resigned all hope of air superiority at that point.

These facts are an omen of encouragement for England in the great battle for the British Isles that seems about to begin as these words are written. Her local *defensive* edge over the invaders is more significant in these conditions than her numerical inferiority. But

here I am concerned with the moral of the story for America, namely: that control of the air is essential for the satisfactory operation of the fleet below. For the present, because of the short radius of air power, the moral applies only to a limited area — which is an element of immunity for us, at least until an enemy obtains bases next-door to us. But it calls for no exceptional powers of foresight and imagination to realize that under the impetus of a life-and-death struggle the radius will be quickly extended. It is safe to predict that within five years the factors holding true for Scandinavia, the North Sea and the English Channel will apply also to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Those who carry this logic to the extreme of advocating immediate replacement of all sea power by air power are obviously and suicidally hasty. It is apparent to designers of aircraft and students of aerial warfare that in four or five years planes will cross the oceans both ways, non-stop, carrying adequate loads of explosive. Home-based aviation will be able to strike on land and sea at almost any spot on the globe. Until this is achieved, however, the present conception of a strong sea power must not be abandoned. It would be dangerous

to switch from one form of national defense to another and leave a gap. Our country is wealthy enough, and the objective important enough, to allow for wide margins of overlapping during the period of transformation. And even when the transformation is complete, there will be special tactical purposes especially suited for surface and undersea craft.

\* \* \*

The impression being spread that sea power can carry its own "umbrella" in the shape of naval aircraft operated from carriers is dangerously erroneous. It is a flimsy umbrella, capable of matching the air complement of an enemy fleet, but helpless against a land-based air force. Naval aircraft based on ships is seriously encumbered by landing and arresting gears, retrieving apparatus, flotation gear, wing-folding devices and other gadgets to solve the problem of a limited deck-landing area. Its performance is unavoidably inferior. It will be improved, of course, but so will land-based fighters, and the interval will always remain. Roughly speaking, pursuit aviation of the world's navies is 100 miles per hour slower than equivalent land-based forces. Also, its armament is necessarily smaller. The maximum bomb now carried

by a bomber operating from a warship averages less than 2000 pounds, whereas it is possible today to build bombers to carry huge amounts of explosive. The air protection a fleet can carry along is nothing but a clay pigeon for a real air force.

Our navy needs, ultimately, not a portable umbrella, but a canopy across the oceans, anchored firmly on land. Only under the protection of air power that commands the air over the entire theatre of naval operations will the navy be able to function in the near future.

\* \* \*

The protection of international commerce is one of the primary objectives of adequate defense. It is obvious that sea commerce must be protected by sea power — but sea power in turn must be protected by air power. This is the reality today. Tomorrow the truth of this may be multiplied a thousandfold. Commerce is rapidly sprouting wings. The time is not too distant when air-borne commerce will supersede sea-borne and land-borne commerce in intrinsic value if not in tonnage. Our air strength will have to protect this new and primary commercial sphere, in addition to safeguarding sea and land transportation through its protection of naval and ground operations.

Upon whom will the crucial task of conceiving and executing strategic and tactical plans for this air power be placed? Infantry leaders? Naval men? To ask the questions is to answer them. Unless aeronautical specialists and tacticians are restored to leadership in their own domain, the value of air defense will tend toward zero even if we build a hundred thousand planes a day. Germany was the first nation to recognize unequivocally the rôle of air power, and to place it in the forefront of its national defenses. It is no accident that the commander-in-chief of all armed forces under Hitler is an aviation man, Hermann Goering.

If we are to build our own national defense in line with the implements and tactics of tomorrow — today's will be outmoded! — we must not merely accept the new rôle of aerial force but put it under the independent command and control of air men. This means we must have an Air Department, parallel to the War and Navy Departments, under the direct aegis of the Commander-in-Chief. The air arm of the Navy — aircraft actually carried by warships for their own protection and for action against enemy fleets — should of course be under direct command of the Navy. By the same token, all

aircraft which move and work together with the ground troops — dive bombers, attack, troop observation and auxiliary craft — should be under direct command of the Army.

Air operations of larger scope, however — which will be the basis of our main strategy of national defense, should be placed under an independent Air Command. Only experts in aerial warfare can be trusted to carry out such operations, which involve problems unique and wholly unrelated to those of either Army or Navy.

At the outset of the war, the Allies found themselves stymied. Germany had out-thought and out-planned and out-visualized them in its employment of air power. Now these Allies (or what's left of them) are making superhuman efforts to imitate the Germans and catch up with Nazi equipment and strategy. If they persist in such efforts, they will remain stymied. Imitation is the most hopeless form of warfare, especially in the air where the tempo is breath-taking and the dynamics streamlined. People who cannot conceive and plan beyond what they see with their eyes and feel with their hands have no place in the formulation of a modern defense system. Their best attain-

ments will be built on the tactics of today, and therefore useless in the actual combat of tomorrow. The experience already gained in the present war points to the future strategy, tactics and equipment required for the proper air defense of our nation, and glaringly exposes what we are doing today as practically obsolete.

Our national defense program must be wrested from the hands of merely cautious and capable businessmen and administrators. The very virtues of these men will prove impediments in a field where vision, imagination, and courage of conviction are essential — provided, of course, they are coupled with a thorough knowledge of aviation through practical military, engineering and administrative experience. At present it is left to business executives to call in and consult those who can visualize the war of tomorrow. The procedure, I am convinced, should be reversed. The business administrator should assist the men of proved vision at the head of our national defense, to assure the most expedient, economical and efficient execution of a plan expertly pre-conceived.

Our aviation leaders, in particular, must be able to transmute the tactical lessons of today into the

tactical improvements of tomorrow. The present magnificent German utilization of air power was conceived nearly five years ago. The conception went far beyond the mechanical performance of that time, assuming progress which was not visible to the naked eye. The whole idea seemed far-fetched to the rest of the world. But the Germans had the courage of their imagination, and their scheme was realistic when the moment arrived for its actual use. It is apparent that the machinery of German national defense, especially in relation to air power, is geared for execution of bold plans far beyond the routine of military textbooks and business slogans.

The hope of our national defense lies in the same sort of audacity in thinking and planning. We must plan our air power beyond the limits of the present range of operations and gear our aviation industries for the production of tomorrow's equipment. By merely continuing to build more warships, more guns, more aircraft of the current models, we are inviting disappointment if not disaster. We must unshackle our national imagination — potentially the most robust in the world — and work up confidence in our visions.

► *Meet the fellow who put cleaners' marks in a class with fingerprints*

## LAUNDRY TAG DETECTIVE

By STANLEY ROSS

THERE'S a little man in Mineola, Long Island, who can examine the cuff of your shirt or the hem of your skirt and find out who you are and where you reside, and other things about you if necessary. He's not a clairvoyant, he knows nothing of crystal-gazing. His trick is like the conjuror's, mystifying until you discover how it is done. For many years detectives had been using cleaners' marks on clothing for running criminals to earth. The little man in Mineola came along and saw how they fumbled, saw how they stumbled from laundry to laundry trusting to luck. And he decided that cleaners' marks would never yield their best results in crime detection work until they were classified and filed according to an index.

One day in 1936, an automobile was found abandoned at the side of a tree-shaded road in Copiague, a small town on the south shore of Long Island. In it lay a discarded pair of pants which had been used to obliterate fingerprints. Gunmen had stolen the car, murdered a

bank messenger in Farmingdale, and made away with \$12,000. Inspector Harold R. King, who heads the Nassau County detective division, assigned Lieutenant Adam Yulch to the case. Yulch had joined the force in 1917. His first job, several years later, depended for its solution on tracing some laundry marks on the hem of a sheet to the place where they were made. The search lasted months; and by the time he succeeded, the criminal had vanished. It was then that the idea took root, and the morning he was sent off to Copiague to investigate the mystery of the abandoned car, his scheme had already sprouted and he was determined to see his Chief about it.

While an associate searched for fingerprints on the car, Yulch examined the pants. He found what he was looking for. With Charlie Chan-like patience he started his rounds of tailors' shops, big and small, in Long Island, Brooklyn, and Queens. One week passed, then two, then three; and just when it looked like complete failure, he

came upon the tailor who had last cleaned the trousers. One more step and the case "broke." Inspector King and Chief Abram W. Skidmore took notice of the five-foot-two-inch man with thinning hair, twinkling eyes, and tight lips. They listened as he laid his plan before them in clipped, precise sentences.

"Yes," said he, "laundry and cleaner marks can be important as fingerprints in trapping criminals. We have a fingerprint bureau. What's wrong with a cleaners' marks bureau? If we had a classified index of marks for dry cleaners, I could have cracked this case in a couple of hours. I've been studying these marks for a long time. I know now they can be filed so we can locate a cleaner or tailor in the metropolitan area almost as soon as we've seen the mark. How about it?"

"Sure," said they. "Fire ahead and see what you can do."

And that's how the country's first laundry-and-cleaner mark index bureau came into being.

It wasn't long before another pair of pants spread Lieutenant Yulch's reputation as a scientific sleuth and focused the attention of the American police on the little detective. This time the trail took him to Brooklyn where the "Cellar

Gang," who had done George Hess to death and perpetrated an assortment of amazing villainies, had so bamboozled the city's police that they borrowed the Nassau County expert. A big black period was put to the career of the crooks the night they left behind them the upper portion of an old pair of pants at the scene of one of their crimes. Lieutenant Yulch went into a huddle with the pants and his index and made short work of producing the name of the dry-cleaner, whose records led the law to the home of one of the mobsters. Through him, the rest of the gang was rounded up.

Then the story of the gruesome Palisades torch murder hit front pages the country over. In a lonely spot overlooking the Hudson at Fort Lee, the body of a man who had apparently been tied to a stake, saturated with gasoline, and burned alive, was found. The corpse was too charred for identification. The one sorry clue was a fragment of jacket-sleeve lining which had miraculously escaped the flames. Ordinarily a canvass of 11,000 tailors' shops in a seventy-five-mile radius of Times Square would have been necessary for identification. Now, Nassau's one-man cleaner-mark bureau was sent for and three hours later referred Chief Lock-

wood of Bergen County to one Philip Movsesian, an Armenian tailor in the Bronx. Checking his books, Movsesian discovered that the victim was Haiguzoon Kasarjian, his own father-in-law!

Still more recently old Samuel Rappaport, itinerant jewelry salesman of Long Beach, New York, was beaten to death, robbed, and the body thrown on the north shore of Reynolds Channel, which divides the sand-bar resort and Long Island. Five blood-stained towels, bearing no visible cleaner's marks, were picked up in the underbrush near the body. Lieutenant Yulch got busy on them and saved the police weeks of following false scents by directing them, six days after the slugging, to an address in Long Beach. There they arrested Jack Homer, nineteen-year-old ex-lifeguard, who confessed the crime.

## II

In overstuffed cabinets at Nassau County Police Headquarters, Lieutenant Yulch keeps the "fingerprints" of more than 45,000 laundries and cleaning plants located in all that area between Washington, D. C., and Binghamton, New York. The arrangement of his files is such that he can in double-quick time trace a garment to its

owner if it has ever been cleaned in any one of his recorded establishments. Because of his highly specialized knowledge, he has been called to the assistance of more out-of-town police departments than Dick Tracy and Philo Vance combined.

An early out-of-town case took him to Yonkers, New York. Hold-up men had run off with a payroll of \$11,000 and the one suspect grabbed by the police stubbornly insisted on keeping his lips as tightly shut as a clam. The little man from Mineola looked over the suspect's shirt and quickly transformed him into a certainty. In his home were burglar's tools and an actual plan prepared for the hold-up. Following its instructions, the police made themselves comfortable in the prisoner's home to await the return of his accomplices. One by one they were collared and in a bunch driven off to the cells.

Yulch gathers most of his data by personal interviews with the laundry proprietors and spends the early part of each week extending his coverage. So enthusiastic is he over his bureau that on a recent vacation trip to the West Coast he devoted his time to hopping from laundry to police station and back again to laundry. "When I was visiting the Grand Canyon, Adam

was messing around with other people's soiled shirts," Mrs. Yulch complained, tapping her temple with the tip of her finger. She lives with her husband in a modest bungalow in Baldwin, Long Island. Evenings and weekends Yulch litters the dining table with cards, files, indexes, and odd bits of scribbled paper, bringing order out of disorder.

Today Lieutenant Yulch's bureau is not the only one of its kind in the country. Already Philadelphia, Scranton, Newark, and other cities have followed Mineola, after borrowing the little man to help them get started. In recent months he has received inquiries from police chiefs in California, Oregon, New Mexico, Florida, and a number of central states about the organization of similar bureaus.

When your wash bundle goes to the laundry, or your dress or suit is dry-cleaned, each garment is given a code number for purposes of identification. If your launderer is an independent entrepreneur, he attaches to the mark a prefix that informs the wholesale cleaner or master steam-launderer that the clothing came from his particular shop. There is no defined marking agreement among members of the trade; yet, strangely, few codes are so alike as to embarrass the little

lieutenant. He points out that just as a leaf differs in some recognizable way from every other on the same tree, so do his little samples differ. He has classified the codes so ingeniously that anyone with normal intelligence and some practice can use his files successfully.

Many of Lieutenant Yulch's 45,000 samples are cloth tags with code numbers inscribed in ink; others are pieces of indelibly marked sleeve- or pocket-lining; hundreds are fragments of material, shirt neckbands, cuffs, and sections of skirt-hem. These may appear to be blank, but they bear inscriptions which the violet ray alone can reveal. Lieutenant Yulch thinks the invisible marking system, known as "Fantom Fast," should be adopted throughout the trade. It helped him run "The Phantom" to earth.

In 1937 well-to-do residents of Forest Hills, New York, were terrorized by a burglar whose taste ranged from furs to statuary and to whom people in the vicinity referred as "The Phantom" because of his elusiveness. Early the following year the police took into custody a man they strongly suspected of being the roving house-breaker. For twenty-four hours they grilled him, but he refused to



give even his address. Remembering Yulch in the neighboring county, they called him in. On his arrival he ordered the suspect to take off his shirt, plugged the extension of a queer-looking lamp into a wall-socket, doused the lights in the room, and examined the cuffs under his violet ray contraption. In an hour the police were forcing the door of a private home on the outskirts of Forest Hills. They found stolen goods to the amount of more than \$100,000. But "The Phantom" gazed at the loot in obstinate silence. Again Yulch was summoned. "We can prove this guy is the man we want," the Chief explained, "but he won't tell us where he got these rugs, furs, drapes, and all the rest, and we want to have them returned after his conviction." The crammed files of the Laundry-and-Cleaner Index Bureau were once more equal to the task. Some of the owners, incidentally, were embarrassed to recover their things, having collected and spent the insurance.

Another case in which invisible markings played a part took place in Jenkinstown, Pennsylvania, in November, 1939. Stories brought to the police by terrified young girls told of indecent advances made by a man in lonely spots of the town. One evening a telephone

call summoned them to a house near by, where they found two hysterical girls whose parents had gone off to the movies. Calming down, they told how a man, about thirty-five years old, had entered the house, bound one of them to a chair, and attacked the other. Their dog had toppled a glass to the floor in an adjoining room and the man had fled, leaving his overcoat behind. Yulch's violet ray lamp lighted a path to the home of one James Jackson who was later sentenced to from forty-seven and one half to ninety-five years.

One of Yulch's earliest "Fantom Fast" affairs centered around "The Fire Bug" who, wanting to cover up the tracks of his burglaries in Queens and Brooklyn, burned the buildings he robbed. One night the police nabbed a man in the act of making off with a good haul of booty from a stranger's house. They were pretty sure that he was the arson-robber, but they couldn't prove it. The little lieutenant's violet ray lamp, by identifying invisible markings on the prisoner's clothes, told that he was George W. Sullivan. It even added where he lived. A search yielded, among other articles, a number of pawn tickets. Some of these linked him to crimes of which he had not even been suspected; others helped in

the return of the goods to their owners; and all announced him to be "The Fire Bug."

### III

"It's a good idea," says the lieutenant, "to allow the cleaner's tag to remain on your clothing, unless you intend to run afoul of the law. You can never tell when you may be knocked out in an accident, or lose your memory suddenly. The police must have something by which to identify you. And if you are interested enough in the future of your family to pay premiums on your life insurance policy, you will want them to find out if you have unexpectedly passed away.

"In other words, though crime supplies the spectacular phase of my Bureau's work, it is the ordinary citizen in every part of the country who stands to benefit most from it. Remember that it's always possible to recognize criminals of professional reputation by their fingerprints, whereas you and I are not members of rogues' galleries."

There was the case of the body of a drowned man found in a shallow creek in Philadelphia. Finding no papers or notes on the corpse, the police forwarded the cleaner's marks on the dead man's suit to Adam Yulch. In a short time a

worried Brooklyn family learned what had happened to their relative, and the insurance premiums which he had been paying for years provided them with the security for which they might otherwise have waited in vain. Or take the incident of the glassy-eyed young woman who was found wandering aimlessly about the streets of Trenton, New Jersey, some months ago. Had the little lieutenant not been loaned to help the police of that city set up a cleaner-mark bureau, years might have slipped by before this victim of amnesia was restored to her family in Mount Vernon, New York.

Typical tidbits that demonstrate the efficacy of the new bureau include the return of an overcoat to an astonished Long Island commuter who had left it in the train in the heat of an argument over the war; the recovery of a school teacher's trunk which had bounced loose from the running-board of her automobile and spilt the better half of her wardrobe into the street while she was on her way to a Florida vacation; the tracing back of an opera hat left in a slum dive to its embarrassed owner. During 1939 the Yulch Bureau solved forty-eight of the fifty-one local and out-of-town "jobs" put at its

mercy. The little detective, of course, gets only the hard nuts, the nuts that can't be cracked in any other way.

J. Edgar Hoover has warmly commended the work of the Mineola Bureau; but even this praise has not lulled the little lieutenant into complacency. He is still striving after improvements in his system. The establishment of a nation-wide classification of cleaners' marks with a master index at Washington, D. C., like the fingerprint bureau, is now his aim. Fur-

thermore, he urges the government to enact legislation for introducing a uniform code of garment marks, with a prefix assigned to every plant's license, so that the police can at once spot the area in which any garment has been cleaned. He envisages a day when his plan will be adopted all over the country; and when that day dawns, nearly every man, woman, and child in America, awake or asleep, will be tagged with little figures they can neither see, nor decipher when brought to light.

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## MANHATTAN MIDDEN

BY JAMES ALEXANDER BLACK

THIS is the island of world's end, where the waves  
Have washed up out of the past the dreams of the dead  
And peopled them with the salvage of lost graves.  
They have stones and to spare who only ask for bread.

The Chrysler pinnacle, the Empire State  
Erect and stalwart as a sceptred king,  
The Rockefeller wall, as sheer as fate,  
The downtown thicket, clumped in a magic ring —

What golden seeds from over-fertile ears  
Push shoots like these out of this rocky ground?  
Here stands the harvest of three hundred years:  
The fruit hangs ripe — but is the kernel sound?

Under this rubble, when it falls and scatters,  
Worms will attend to their important matters.

# OUR STAKE IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

EVERY country has always had its perennial, one might almost say professional, groups who love or hate some particular other country. Everything which the other country does or stands for is praised or attacked. These are the "maniacs," Anglo or other. There are other groups who merely like some foreign country, have enjoyed visiting or living in it, and are inclined to give it "the benefit of the doubt." These are the "philes" — Anglo, Franco, and so on. The great mass of the population of any nation, however, attending to their private and local concerns, would be indifferent to the characteristics of other nations were it not for the impacts of wars, education and *propaganda*.

American opinion has a singular opportunity for free play. Our isolated position, which in the past at least spelled safety, has prevented the development of fears and hatreds engendered by the dangers and feuds incidental to common frontiers with powerful enemies. In more than a century and a

quarter we have engaged in only two wars — one a very minor one — with any European country. As to education, I think the textbooks used in the past generation have been on the whole fair to other peoples. It is interesting that with its free play, probably the freest in the world today, our public opinion spontaneously crystallized to almost 100 per cent on the side of the Allies and against Germany in the present struggle.

But there is the third factor of propaganda, and recently there has been a marked increase in that directed against the British Empire. In spite of the obviousness of its sources it may be having some effect. Therefore it is important to consider, as fairly and dispassionately as we can, what the role of that Empire has been in the past and what it is today, particularly with reference to ourselves.

I may say, whether I am believed or not, that this article is not propaganda for this war. It contains only ideas which I have been form-

ing and writing about in my books on American and British history for the past twenty years. Nor am I an Anglomaniac. I have lived, in the aggregate, some seven or more years in England and have come to know the people and general social conditions fairly well. I like some English qualities and dislike others. I like some types of English people and dislike others intensely. There are some magnificent things in British history, and some very dark spots, but I try to see it all as a whole. I could say the same of America and its history.

On that basis what do I find in the past? What have the English been and what have they done for the world, more than a quarter of whose population is now included in the Empire? For a thousand years the original island folk were hammered on the anvil of fate by successive incursions of Romans, Angles, Jutes, Danes, Norse until the final conquest by the Normans under William. From then on the amalgam of tribes or races formed a new breed, developing the qualities, ideas and institutions of the modern British. They developed, for one thing, the finest political instinct for self-government which any race has ever shown. As we trace their history down for nearly a thousand years since the last

conquest, century by century, episode by episode, we discover them groping steadily, and often blunderingly, toward learning how they can manage to combine orderly government with the freedom of the individual. These appear to be their deepest instincts, and appear so increasingly as the sands of the centuries run out. It is impossible here to detail the long story, but I believe no one can gainsay the fact.

I have spoken of liking the general atmosphere of England, even while disliking many individual persons or types. That atmosphere I have never found in any other land. In spite of many anomalies and discordant elements inherited from the past, one is impressed by the sense of law, order and impartial justice combined with a wide range of personal liberty. It is not simply that, from Magna Carta down, freedom of speech, thought and press have been increasingly insisted on and protected, but that, while demanding *rights*, the Englishman has not forgot, as an individual and citizen, his *duties*. Two incidents may illustrate the point. I have heard agitators at Hyde Park corner on their soap boxes demand the abolition of the monarchy while a policeman stood patiently by to see that they were

not molested. That was a right. On the other hand, when Britain was on the edge of bankruptcy and the government asked, not demanded, that people pay taxes six months in advance, there were long queues waiting at the tax offices before opening in the morning. That was duty. It is this retention of the sense of duty, combined with insistence on rights, and the general social cohesion and co-operation, together with responsible Parliamentary government, which have been perhaps the chief fruits of England's history and her contributions to the world.

It is the result of a long, slow process, and like the different civilization of France, is something extremely precious which the world cannot afford to lose. There have been set-backs, but from my studies I believe that England has done, through herself and her expansion, more for human liberty than any other nation. Until the last generation, too late, her failure in Ireland was continuous and ghastly. I have always granted that. India is a different and very complex story. The English did not go in there to conquer or govern but to trade in competition with the Portuguese and French. India was in anarchy, not an orderly or civilized unit. There are many blots on the his-

tory of growing English ascendancy and rule, but my judgment is that in the last two centuries the Indian people as a whole have greatly benefited by the peace and order which England brought to them. The problem of Indian self-rule, with which England has been honestly wrestling, is almost insoluble for Indians themselves, owing to the fact there are about six hundred different native states and that the vast peninsula contains a welter of several hundred million people of innumerable races, religions and castes, who cannot be left wholly to themselves without drifting again into the old anarchy.

It is, however, significant of both the animus and origin of the present propaganda against England that although stress is constantly laid on the mistakes and crimes which have been committed in the past in Ireland and India, nothing is said of the development of freedom of life and thought in England itself, or in the great Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, or in the innumerable colonies, or in our own United States which originally derived its ideas of government and personal liberty from the mother country. Counting ourselves, there are today between six and seven hundred million people out of the

world's population of two billion, who are sharing the benefits of English ideas of liberty, law, justice and personal freedom. That, for a people who were contemptuously said in the days of Queen Elizabeth to inhabit "only half an island," is a staggering achievement.

The Empire is not an empire in the old Asiatic or even Roman sense. It is a brotherhood of free men and states united in various stages of complete independence by the belief in liberty under law, and the best answer to those who see in British rule only an oppressive yoke which people are anxious to throw off, is that which has been made by the offers which have come from every quarter of the globe, except Ireland, from savage African chiefs and Indian Princes to the great Dominion of Canada, to come to the aid of the brotherhood in its hour of peril.

## II

Throughout its entire history, the United States has been integrated with the British Empire in a peculiarly intimate way. The Empire has been the greatest political factor the world has known. The United States is the richest and strongest single nation today. The relations between these two or-

ganizations are of enormous importance to each and to the world, and have always been different from those existing between any other two peoples. In spite of the huge infiltration of foreign races into America, the peoples of the United States and of the Empire are linked by language, institutions, literature, business, outlook on life, and in a thousand ways as no others are. The entire North American continent, above the Mexican border, is divided between us, the Empire occupying territorially the larger part. The fact that the 5000 miles of boundary line between Canada and the United States is utterly undefended by either nation is a platitude of after-dinner speakers; it is nevertheless a fact of extreme significance. It means that war is practically unthinkable between the Empire and the States; and that, in turn, means that there must be an extraordinary community of interests.

That is, and has always been, the simple fact. For a century and a half we Americans were part of the Empire and spoke of England as "home." It was the period of the Mercantile Theory of empire, and our commerce was integrated with that of the Empire as a whole. We fought England and won independence, but our Revolution was

only an episode in the long struggle for liberty which the British had been carrying on. They did not then show the broad-minded magnanimity which they had learned by the end of the Boer War, and we ranged ourselves among their enemies in their struggle to save Europe from the tyranny of Napoleon. But our genuine interests, particularly of business and commerce, still remained bound up with the Empire. Not only did we count chiefly on capital borrowed from England to develop our country in our period of rapid expansion, but today our stake in trade and investment in all parts of the Empire, notably Canada, has become enormous. Moreover, the British became the bankers of the world. We tried to after the World War but found we did not understand the game, and we are still dependent, for the thousands of subtle financial threads on which world commerce depends, on the Empire.

There is another immensely important fact: the British fleet. If we have transacted business all over the world in an ever increasing amount in the past century with the help of the British banking system, we have also done so under the orderly control of the seas by British naval power. To an ex-

tent which many of us do not realize we have carried on our daily life and business (as have also the British Dominions), protected by the shield and bulwark of the British fleet.

That power, in friendly hands, has alone made it possible for us to protect the Americas. Less than ten years after Waterloo Britain suggested to us that we unite with her in a joint declaration regarding European interference in South America. We preferred to go it alone, and the result was the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine in 1823. That doctrine is considered essentially American and has become not only a cornerstone of our continuing international policies but almost as sacrosanct as Washington's Farewell Address. Yet it is not too much to say that there has been scarce a moment since we promulgated it that we have not had to depend on the British fleet and the British control of the seas to enforce it.

South America is a vast continent, one of its countries alone, Brazil, being larger than the whole United States. It is enormously rich in resources. Control of the seas has alone prevented the attempt of some European nation to penetrate it, and that control has been England's and not ours.



What is the situation now? Japan, Germany and Italy all have their eyes on the land and riches to the south of us. Our fleet, scarcely if at all superior to that of Japan, is in the Pacific. Our Atlantic fleet is negligible. There is the Panama Canal. Nations do not declare war these days after months of negotiation; they strike without warning. And if our first warning should be the bombing of the Canal? Germany already has great potential menaces to us in the New World. Through the conquest of Denmark and Holland she has nominally come into possession, for example, of Greenland, Dutch Guiana and the Dutch West Indies. What keeps her, as yet, from utilizing them? The British fleet. Suppose Hitler wins the war. He then gets the French and British fleets, for, utterly inhuman as he is, he could threaten such reprisals if they were not delivered to him as would force their delivery.

But there is yet more. According to figures recently published in the *United States News* there are already 236,000 Germans in the Argentine, 10,000 in Uruguay, 20,000 in Paraguay, 200,000 in Chile, 900,000 in Brazil, and smaller numbers in other South American countries with coastal and airplane bases. We have learned how Hitler

works. We do not have to wait for the war to reach the Americas and the Monroe Doctrine. It is here now. The only thing that allows us still to sleep in such peace as we can is, again, the British fleet. The only thing that allows our government to warn the Third Reich and Italy — as it did on June 19 — to keep hands off the American possessions of their victims is the continued existence of the British fleet.

There is also Canada. We have not only guaranteed South America under the Monroe Doctrine, but we have stated that we would never allow Canada to fall into the hands of an alien power. We must also recall that the jackal Mussolini is now trailing the lion for spoils and there are so many Italians in South America that when, in Italy, one speaks of “America” it is instinctively assumed one refers to South America. It was stated two years ago, for example, that of the Argentine population of about 12,500,000, one-third were of Italian origin, including a large proportion of the leading families.

If the Nazi-Fascist states surround us in the New World, it will mean ruin for our economy and perhaps revolution for our political system. Nothing less than the free-

doms which have been gained for us by a thousand years of British history and the efforts of our forefathers is involved in the threat. It behooves those Americans who are now writing against the British Empire to ponder these things, if they are honest; because that Empire, if we do not fight for ourselves, is all that stands between that threat and our reasonable prosperity and accustomed liberty. The present conflict is not simply

one of the old-fashioned wars for trade, dynastic ambitions or territory. It is a war to the death against a way of life which is also the American way — against everything that has hitherto, without our fully realizing it, made life worth while for us. If we, too, become Nazi slaves it will be because we have forgot the lesson the British have learned: that you cannot expect forever to enjoy rights unless you accept duties.

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## REVELATION

BY MARY N. S. WHITELEY

I HAVE walked alone in the marshes where stagnant vapor rises  
From fish and salt when the tides withdraw from sand,  
I have dragged my feet in the bog of quicksands ever moving  
To suck the mind from growth where it tries to stand;

I have known the silent coil of moccasins in water,  
I have watched small birds peck fish's eyes apart,  
I have sat with frogs at evening accepting mud and defilement,  
Croaking with them in denial of human art —

But suddenly over salt marsh, out of cattails rooted,  
An eagle once lifted waving into the sky,  
And I followed the flight of the bird as it circled into distance,  
Noting the strength allowing the wings to fly.

I followed to where the clouds were spinnakers fully windblown  
And saw the eagle lost where I could not go,  
And though I fell back to the marsh, I no longer breathed its vapor,  
Having glimpsed a bird I had never thought to know.

► *An educator complains against the  
new mystification in his trade*

## MUMBO JUMBO IN EDUCATION

BY B. G. PORTWELL

TO HIM who in the love of education holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a language every month more pretentious, mystifying and complex. Its purpose, one suspects unkindly, is to make simple things sound complicated and old ideas sound new. Thus we read of factor analysts, functional clusters, and orthogonal factors. Thus a prominent professor writes in a recent magazine, "Indifference to proposals is an occasional adjustment to many conflict situations, even though the disposition to align oneself with one or the other rival group is the commonest symptom of attitudinal intensity." Thus a school for studying word meanings advertises itself as an "Institute of General Semantics for Linguistic Epistemologic Scientific Research and Education."

Investigation of the source of this baffling terminology points to our schools of education. Apparently they are dependent upon new and fancy terms for their very existence. There are certain fundamental principles of education

which have been known since the time of Socrates. Of course, progress in methods has been made, though Euclid's geometry will still work. But there is not enough new theory in the world to enable hundreds of teachers' colleges to give thousands of courses on different phases of psychology and pedagogics. The result seems to be that new terms must be invented, the mass of which are sometimes amusing, sometimes annoying to an old-fashioned schoolman. We hear of the Integration of Pupil Personalities, the Orientation of Fragmental Personalities, Humanizing and Socializing Personalism, Normative Dynamism, and even Integrated Harmony. Just how harmonious harmony would be if it were not integrated, may be left to the schools of education to explain.

The professors of education invade foreign languages for their *mores*, their *Gestalt* psychology, their *précis* writing; and nearly all of their statistical formulas contain *sigma*. This is the symbol for "standard deviation." From what,

and how is it standardized? The College Entrance Examination Board Report (1930) helps to clear the matter up by explaining that "A standard score is a score expressed as a deviation from the mean of a group, and divided by the standard deviation of that group."

Everything must be taught on a functional basis; it must be evaluated, and must have various objectives, primary, secondary, and enabling. There must be patterns and frames of reference, activities must be both co-curricular and extra-curricular. Speaking of activities, everything now must bear that name, just as all divisions must be "units." In the old days, we had exercises, which later became assignments, then problems, then were swept away by the project method, which was followed by the contract method, and now everything is an activity, and will probably soon become a challenge.

A recent article in a pedagogic magazine said that a certain gentleman's "philosophy is distinctly speculative, absolutistic, and ontological, while the author's approach attempts to be experiential, relationistic, and methodological." Another famous professor says:

The widespread use of tests in calibrating norms of intellectual development

has tended to fix in the minds of parent and teacher the concept of norms of behavior, thereby completely ignoring many essential human qualities that are unamenable to psychological standardization.

The Report of the Committee on the Orientation of Secondary Education states:

Function I of education is to continue by a definite program, though in a diminishing degree, the integration of students. . . . Function III is to reveal higher activities of an increasingly differentiated type in the major fields of the racial inheritance of experience and culture and their significance. . . . Function V is to systematize knowledge in such ways as to show its significance and especially of the laws and principles.

Not even an old-fashioned grammarian can diagram that last one!

A very popular pedagogical term today is that disgusting word *maturation*. Here is a quotation from a recent article in one of our best journals of education:

Let us turn now to the second of our major terms, that of maturation. This term almost certainly is teleological in its connotation because it is a process in which the organism is evolving toward the point or stage of its ultimate and greatest development. Of course, we must remember that no organism shows a complete unitary maturational process.

In the 38th Yearbook of the Society for the Study of Education (1939) appears the following startling statement of a self-evident

truth: "Sexual maturation is an important factor in readiness for certain social relationships."

## II

Probably the gem of gems in the field of education was perpetrated in the 1930 Report of the College Entrance Examination Board, where some space was given under the Scholastic Aptitude Test to the "Persistence of Individual Idiosyncrasy." Apparently it was vitally important to know just how long individual idiosyncrasy persists. The formula for determining this important matter is given below:

$$\begin{aligned}
 r_{(z_1-z_2)(x_1-x_2)} &= \frac{\sum (z_1-z_2)(x_1-x_2)}{N \sigma_{(z_1-z_2)} \sigma_{(x_1-x_2)}} \\
 \frac{\sum (z_1-z_2)(x_1-x_2)}{N} &= \frac{\sum z_1 x_1 + \sum z_2 x_1 - \sum z_1 z_2 - \sum z_1 x_2}{N} \\
 &= r_{z_1 x_1} + r_{z_2 x_1} - r_{z_1 z_2} - r_{z_1 x_2} \\
 \sigma_{z_1-z_2} &= \sqrt{\frac{\sum (z_1-z_2)^2}{N}} \\
 &= \sqrt{\frac{\sum z_1^2 + \sum z_2^2 - 2 \sum z_1 z_2}{N}} \\
 &= \sqrt{1 + 1 - 2r_{z_1 z_2}}
 \end{aligned}$$

Thus if all the terms are combined, we have the expression:

$$r_{(z_1-z_2)(x_1-x_2)} = \frac{r_{z_1 x_1} + r_{z_2 x_1} - r_{z_1 z_2} - r_{z_1 x_2}}{2 \sqrt{(1-r_{z_1 z_2})} \sqrt{(1-r_{z_1 x_2})}} \dots (1)$$

This is not a joke. It is an actual copy from the Report. To help decipher it, the Secretary of the Board was asked for information. He said he had no idea what it

meant nor did he know definitely of anyone who could tell, but he gave the name of a professor in a large Eastern university who he thought might be able to explain it. One would naturally think that such an elaborate mathematical formula would get an accurate result, but it is followed by the statement that

If one desires to estimate what the persistence of individual idiosyncrasy might have been if one could have had these tests free from chance errors, one uses on the right-hand side of Expression I correlations corrected for attenuation.

One school of education, which has a special child welfare research organization, has compiled a list of over 2000 habits of children which are governed by the formula  $\frac{T}{S-3x} \times 100$ . Verily, some of the schools are reducing the educative process to mathematical formulas. Probably this is what caused President Wriston of Brown to write recently: "The current apotheosis of data as opposed to ideas is a barrier to the achievement of general education." It does no good to protest or argue with the brilliant and fluent professors who occupy prominent positions in the schools of education and on the programs of all educational meetings. They employ words you never heard of and use fairly familiar

words in meanings not found in the dictionary. Mystification pays, presumably.

There was until recently one phase of American education, namely the Department of Superintendence, which the professors of education had not taken over, though the majority of the papers on any program were by them. A few years ago they succeeded in corralling that department also by getting its name changed to the American Association of School Administrators, which opens it particularly to their henchmen. In fact, it was suggested by one of their leaders that membership in the Association be limited to holders of the Ph.D. degree.

The mushroom growth and extension of teachers' colleges and schools of education has been accompanied by fully as great an increase in the number of educational magazines. There are dozens of national magazines devoted to education, and nearly every state has one.

Then there are hundreds of educational conventions each year at which thousands of papers are read to the tens of thousands attending. Naturally, the same thing is said over and over, but in the most technological, polysyllabic, trickphrase language possible. Some candidate for a Ph.D. degree really ought to compile a list of the teeming articles and papers in the last few years on "The Function of Education in a Democracy," and then condense them into three hundred simple words.

To sum up the matter simply, in the language of educationists, one might say that the responsibility of the schools of education for the present chaotic disorganization in the curricula of primary and secondary educational institutions is due to their hypertrophical complication of pedagogic education through the duplication of instructional materials under various divergent indefinite polysyllabic terminologies.

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## PARACHUTE TROOPS, AN AMERICAN IDEA

*In 1784 Benjamin Franklin wrote: "Five thousand balloons, capable of raising two men each, could not cost more than five ships of the line; and where is there a prince who can afford so to cover his country with troops for its defense that 10,000 men descending from the clouds might not in many places do an infinite deal of mischief, before a force could be brought together to repel them?"*

# HOUSES FROM THE FACTORY

BY KARL DETZER

IF you want a new house that combines comfort, beauty, labor-saving devices, staunch construction and the latest plumbing, heating and electric fixtures, it's yours for the asking, tied up in a pretty red ribbon and delivered next week to your building lot. It will be a new kind of house; there will be no bricks in it, no nails, and except for the foundation, no cement. The men who erect it will come to work without chisels, hammers or saws. They will finish the job in from one to four days, will leave not a single scrap of wasted lumber to burn, not a wheelbarrow-load of trash to haul away. You will not have to wait an hour for paint to dry before you move in.

Your house will come in a package, complete to the last gadget, just as your car comes off the sales-room floor. With this difference: the house will not be stamped to a pattern identical with a thousand others in your town. It will be built to your plan or with exterior architectural treatment to express

your taste. It will be weather-proof, fully insulated, soundly built to specifications of one of America's leading architects.

More important: even on a small income, you can afford to own this house, unless you happen to live in certain communities where selfish interests will try to keep it from you. Economists figure that a family can safely afford a home worth two to two and one-half times its annual income. If you make \$1000 a year there's a packaged house to fit your purse, but you may have to forego furnace and bathroom, which means the house will have to stand outside of town. However, this house is so designed that these conveniences may be added later without muss or fuss. On a \$1500 income you get modern plumbing, streamlined kitchen, oil or gas furnace. If you are lucky enough to earn \$2000 you may have six rooms, attached garage, an orchid-colored bathtub if it strikes your fancy. You don't need much cash, either. One company offers four rooms and bath

for \$300 down payment and \$15.80 a month on a 4½ per cent twenty-year FHA mortgage, a total of \$2700. Nor need you wait long. Sign the order today, make the payment, and move in two weeks from now.

A revolution in American housing has made this possible. Like most revolutions, it is being fought tooth and nail by certain interests it threatens to upset. They shout against it as loudly as the stage-coach lines once tried to cry down the railroads.

## II

Your new house will be completely prefabricated, but don't let the word frighten you. For many years it has been applied to many jerry-built houses and to wild-eyed experiments. Today it has a new meaning.

The experiments began forty years ago, and for several good reasons most of them failed. Much so-called prefabrication started not with the idea of building a good house, but of increasing the use of certain materials. Thus we had the all-steel, all-copper, all-wood, all-tile houses, which were interesting enough, but unfortunately were hard to live in. Other builders spent fortunes try-

ing to prefabricate houses fitted with existing manufactured products of specific industries. These failed, in most cases, because the bathtubs and sinks, the furnaces and windows of conventional housing are not built to be units in an assembly line. Probably 150 companies have tried and dropped prefabrication. A few, after experimenting for years, after building, testing and tearing down, have managed to survive. They are ready now to build your house. Prefabrication is merely the system whereby hammer and nails and rugged individualism have been replaced by the assembly line and mass production. Carpenter, plasterer and plumber, each with his little bag of hand tools, each slowly hacking, fitting and hammering small parts together or slapping up wet material a trowelful at a time, all ride to work in assembly line cars. They wear mass-production pants, sleep in mass-production beds, eat mass-production breakfast foods, read mass-production newspapers, smoke mass-production cigarettes. Only in the house in which he lives does the American workman combat the economics of the machine age and demand stone-age methods instead. One result is that six million families have no running water,



ten millions no bathrooms, uncounted other millions cannot afford to own their homes, are forced to pay rent out of all proportion to the shelter and comforts they receive.

The principal types of prefabrication are "bridge-frame," "panel" and "sectional." Each has ardent partisans, all are violently opposed by many unions, contractors and architects. The newest of these is bridge-frame, which last month went on the market. It is built by a New York City concern, which cryptically and temporarily calls itself the PHC Housing Corporation (so named for its originators, Pavey, Hasenburger, Corbett). It is turning out houses now at the rate of several dozens a week in its factory at Jackson, Mississippi, is about to open its second plant in Florida, and expects by next year to have ten factories operating in ten states.

Harvey Wiley Corbett, senior architect on Rockefeller Center, designer of some of the largest structures in Europe and America, is this company's chief of staff. Engineers from three Detroit automobile makers, long experienced in assembly line methods, are associated with him. These experts, together with economists from several universities and men long ex-

perienced in real estate, pooled their ideas, experimented for ten years, and spent hundreds of thousands of dollars before announcing their findings.

This house uses a steel and wooden frame, and permits any floor plan the buyer desires, provided it fits into multiples of 20 x 20 inches. Unlike the panel house, which usually has smooth outer walls, this has old-style lap siding — but the siding isn't nailed on. It is tightly fitted to the frame, the pieces interlocked with steel rails, and fastened by steel wedges at the top of each wall. Two men can completely side a four-room house in two hours; the same two hours in which two plumbers are making all necessary pipe connections for bathroom and kitchen sink, and two men put on the copper roof.

The PHC house is built like a skyscraper or a bridge. Its frame is stout but not rigid, and the "fish-scale" method of putting on overlapping siding allows for the contraction and expansion of the steel members in the frame. These members come knocked-down, and thus overcome one of the chief problems of panel construction. Panels are shipped made-up, filled with insulation or with air, and take up a great deal of space in a freight car or truck. So several prefabricators

make houses with walls only three inches thick, instead of the six inches to which we are accustomed. These three-inch walls actually are stronger than old-style stud construction, resist wind and cold better, but simply because they look thin there still crops up occasional prejudice against them. PHC ships no air space, but builds walls six inches thick.

This company recently put into limited production what is probably the cheapest prefabricated house ever made. It is strongly built, from outside looks like the more expensive models, is erected on a steel I-beam on concrete foundation blocks. There are four rooms, two closets, space for a future bath. No plumbing is included, no furnace, no wiring, no interior trim. It is merely first-class shelter, what Corbett calls "enclosure of space." Designed primarily to replace disgraceful "shotgun" tenant houses in the south, it will sell for about \$750 erected, and a crew of eight men can put up three a day. The same firm builds another type of house for the young couple with an extremely modest budget. For \$1000 it offers one large room, fully insulated, with hardwood floors, choice of several wall and ceiling treatments, copper or wood shingle

roof, weatherstripped windows, electric lights, and warmth furnished by a circulating heater fireplace.

This is really the living room of a future larger dwelling. As family and budget grow, it is thirty minutes work to remove the wedges and lift out a section of wall. In four more hours two men can fasten on an additional room and replace the undamaged siding, at a cost of only \$250 to \$300. A frugal householder thus can add kitchen and bath, or two small, compact sleeping alcoves. From the one-room beginning, properly placed on a lot, a six or seven room house can grow. Because there are no nails, not one board is wasted in remodeling and every piece can be replaced as firmly as it was at first.

### III

The PHC four-room model, designed within certain limits to the owner's plan, complete with built-in kitchen cabinets and streamlined bath, sells for about \$2400, exact price depending on distance from the shipping point, and competes successfully with a \$4000 conventional house.

In this house, as in many other models of the company, the bathroom and kitchen adjoin, with a single thick wall panel between

them. This panel conceals all the copper tubing and drain pipes for both kitchen and bath. It is put together by machinery on an assembly line in the factory, quickly, scientifically, cheaply. When it arrives at the building site it is bolted into place and the plumber, instead of spending hours "roughing in" his pipes, merely makes a few connections in a few minutes. Sink, built-in tub, washbowl and kitchen cabinets are stamped out of sheet steel by a Detroit auto-body maker, just as he stamps out car fenders. The 150-pound tub weighs 250 pounds less than the conventional cast iron type, saves freight costs, is easily handled by one man.

Although PHC is already in production, advance orders have jammed its assembly lines, and first shipments will go to government agencies and large corporations.

The second type of prefabrication is panel construction, in which your house is delivered in finished insulated sections, usually 4 x 8 feet. These are fashioned of various wallboards or plywood, welded to wooden frames by phenol waterproof glue or plastics, built by precision machinery on assembly lines, and stained and varnished or painted at the factory. On the building lot these are quickly and

tightly bolted together on a prepared concrete foundation. This assures a stronger, more waterproof, weather-proof house than can be put up by conventional methods, and at a greatly reduced cost. Gunnison Housing Corporation of New Albany, Indiana, in three years has manufactured 1000 such houses, ranging from three to eight rooms, and has erected them in twenty-six states. At the moment the fifty men on its assembly lines are turning out about a dozen houses a week.

At Lafayette, Indiana, where the concern is building four houses a week, three trucks haul the parts for two complete houses directly from the factory on an overnight trip. The superintendent starts the first house at seven a.m., the second at 8:30. By two o'clock the same afternoon the first is under roof, by four o'clock the second is enclosed. Of course considerable other work remains, for the purchase price is for a "house complete in a package," and the package contains not only gas or oil furnace, electric wiring, complete bathroom, built-in kitchen, but the levelling of the lot, and complete sewer, light, gas and water connections. At no extra cost, before the owner moves in, the company cleans the house thoroughly,

dusts it, furnishes window boxes with growing flowers, shutters, and a front sidewalk. If the first truck rolls up to the lot, on which a three-day-old foundation waits, at seven o'clock Tuesday morning, your family can move in Friday night.

This house has cross ventilation in all rooms, two closets and a storage room, steel windows, copper screens, bronze weatherstrips, hardwood interior trim, 210 pound asphalt shingles (you have choice of three colors) gutters and downspouts, built-in tub and medicine cabinet in bath, linoleum floors in bathroom and kitchen, a thirty-gallon water heater. The same company builds a five-room house with porch for \$4900 (at \$34.30 a month), six rooms with arcade and garage for \$5600 (\$39.20 monthly), and other sizes up to eight rooms and two baths.

Other makers of prefabricated houses are the Precision Built Housing Corporation of Trenton, New Jersey, and Hodgson Houses of Boston, Massachusetts. The latter has been in the field for forty-two years. These two prefabricate houses in sections, not panels, and allow a wide variety of floor plans. Hodgson sections usually are 6 x 18 feet, and interiors are lined with insulating wallboard. The com-

pany sells only the sections, not the completed house, but will furnish a superintendent to oversee construction if the buyer desires. It sells a three-room house (without furnace) for \$1442, and claims that labor and freight will add only 30 per cent to that figure in New England.

The Precision Built company avoids local boycotts by accepting orders through local dealers, permitting local labor to build up sections in a local mill according to a prepared plan and with materials furnished by the company. A local contractor then erects the house. This may raise costs somewhat, but by taking into partnership the groups which sometimes work hardest against prefabrication, the company escapes many a legal skirmish and many a threat of strike. It offers a small, neat house, 24 x 28 feet over all, with living room 12 x 14 feet, erected on a Midwest lot for \$2400 to \$2800.

Sears-Roebuck once built prefabricated houses, but now confines itself to the ready-cut field, studiously avoids brushes with unions and building codes, and stresses prefabrication of kitchen, bathroom and heating units only. Its ready-cut houses include neither brick nor cement; these you must

buy from your local dealer. If you buy a ready-cut from Sears for \$1200, and have your local contractor erect it with union labor, your cost will reach \$3000.

Gordon-Van Tine, of Davenport, Iowa, is one of the oldest and largest ready-cut dealers. It furnishes a construction estimate, which in the Midwest would make completion of its \$1318 house total \$2857 when you are ready to move in. Norman Bel Geddes has evolved a prefabricated house sheathed in brass over a honeycomb core, but it is not yet in production. Many universities and government departments are testing various types of prefabrication; all are adding daily to the sum of knowledge on how to cut costs.

Most building codes were written before prefabrication was perfected, and in many communities union labor, contractors and materials dealers use these obsolete codes as a weapon to prevent erection of assembly-line houses. The unions shortsightedly oppose prefabrication because it reduces man hours. They refuse to see that they thus cheat themselves of good new

homes they can afford to live in, and are blocking the expansion of a major industry which could rank with automobile manufacturing.

It will take 525,000 new houses a year for twenty years to move Americans out of shacks and provide shelter for the natural increase in number of families. In the past ten years we have averaged only 195,000 new houses of all types a year, and are fast falling behind. Remove restraints against prefabrication, and you will get a new house you can afford to own no matter where you live, and America will get a new industry. There will be room in it for twice as many men as are now steadily employed in building houses.

If forces in your town try to prevent you from owning a new prefabricated home, there are two things you can do. Organize your neighbors who need houses as much as you do, and change the local building code, or move to the country, just beyond the city limits. Either way, you can afford a new house, and can get it quickly, wrapped up in a package and delivered to your door.



## SEDUCTION AND THE LAW

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

WHEN Sancho Panza became Judge-Governor of Barataria, his first case was the complaint of a twenty-three-year-old country girl against a swineherd who had supposedly dishonored her. After assessing the loss at twenty ducats of silver, Sancho ordered the culprit to pursue the damsel and recover his cash. When it was shown that "all his manhood little availed against her struggle" the fair witness was banished from the realm for having defended her purse better than her virtue. That the decision was worthy of a Spanish Solomon is especially obvious in this age of equal suffrage and co-education, when the womenfolk have managed to corral 70 per cent of the private wealth of the Republic and would be the first to deny that mere man can induce them to do anything that does not suit their convenience.

Nevertheless, our lawgivers continue to reiterate the ancient common-law assumption that every female is *ipso facto* an idiot, scarcely able to resist a masculine

advance. Legally defined, seduction is "the act of persuading or inducing a woman of previous chaste character to depart from the path of virtue, by the use of any species of arts, persuasions or wiles." The offense is thus a sort of trespass with the consent of the property owner. If she later decides to translate her indiscretion into dollars, the law treats her as an innocent victim, regardless of her age or social experience.

In the case of *Florence Clark vs. John F. Roen* (Michigan, 1933), the beguiled Trilby was a telephone operator thirty years of age, and the accused Svengali was the forty-five-year-old captain of a river boat. There was no contention that John had accomplished his purpose through blackjacks, drugs, alcohol, or anything worse than artful coaxing. Since the defendant had consistently denied the charge, Florence's reputation had not suffered until she filed her suit. Yet the judges concluded that a voluntary act, secretly performed by two sinners, had somehow damaged

only one of them. John was ordered to pay Florence \$2000.

As to what constitutes "previous chaste character," some courts maintain that a mere "reputation" for good conduct is sufficient; while in Georgia "a woman is a virtuous female if her body be pure, though both her mind and heart may be impure." So the accused deceiver must offer evidence of a physical condition that admittedly exists no longer. It is generally agreed, however, that the law gives the erring woman "an opportunity to repent and reform" and thus collect compensation for more than one fall from grace. In *Haeissig vs. Decker* (Minnesota, 1918), there was evidence that four years before the episode in question the twenty-two-year-old girl had "had illicit relations with a man other than defendant." A verdict of \$1500 was none the less confirmed on appeal, because "whatever her lapses in 1912, she was in 1916 living a virtuous life."

It also follows that a man may be compelled to compensate the same woman more than once, if there has been a "reasonable" interval during which the plaintiff, previously proved corruptible, regained a legal status of incorruptibility. In the case of *Sophia Kralick vs. Fred Shuttleworth* (Idaho, 1930),

the defendant explained that Sophia had sued him for a previous seduction two years earlier, and that he had given her a substantial sum in full settlement. But Sophia swore that she had "again submitted to his lustful desires," after a reconciliation. In sustaining a \$3000 judgment the State Supreme Court said:

We can see no reason why, under the facts shown in the instant case, a woman might not be seduced a second time by the same man.

There are, of course, circumstances under which men and women may deal with each other as emotional equals. In *Hyatt vs. McCoy* (North Carolina, 1927), a married woman, living with her husband, brought suit against another man who had supposedly seduced her by promising her a house and lot. She was sent home dishonored and empty-handed because a wedded female "acquires a knowledge" which her spinster sister may not possess. A good many decisions, however, insist that matrimony is a state so chaste that a woman may remain in it for years and still collect money from any ruffian who wheedles her into wickedness after she is out of it. In *Wiley vs. Fleck* (Iowa, 1920), the betrayed woman was the keeper of a boarding house, forty-

four years old and unmarried, "though twice married and twice divorced." The offender was a married man living apart from his wife. In ordering him to make amends the Court said:

If it be reasonable that a woman once fallen from virtue may, upon proof of reformation, be the subject of seduction, then a woman who has become a widow, after a married life of virtue, is surely entitled to no less protection.

So it appears that when the husband leaves the homestead, worldly wisdom goes with him, and the magistrates will fix a cash value for such favors as the ex-wife foolishly grants while she remains single.

## II

It is further understood that a lady who has willingly misbehaved need not raise a hue and cry immediately after the event. If she was conquered by clever coaxing, as distinguished from promise of wedlock, she may continue the relationship for the whole period of the statute of limitations in force in the state of her downfall. When she claims that her sins were based upon expectation of a bungalow, her right to sue arises as soon as the man refuses to marry. Thus, in 1919, a Tennessee jury ordered George Heggie to pay Elizabeth

Hayes a total sum of \$16,000 on a complaint for breach of promise and seduction, filed several years after their first encounter. In sustaining the judgment, the State Supreme Court held that "the statute of limitations would not begin to run against such plaintiff until the last illegal act under promise of marriage." But the law is consistent: a commercial creditor must sue within a fixed time after the delivery of a carload of merchandise; a female sinner may go to court at any time within a given period after the last voluntary consignment of her body.

To be sure, the only witnesses to the act complained of are the two participants. But judges and juries usually accept the woman's story with little or no corroboration, and fill in the gaps according to the laws of chivalry. In a Southern case, the defendant tried to show the previous "lascivious conduct" of the woman with other men. The proof was rejected by the court as an "unmanly" attempt to "blacken the character of his alleged victim."

Since the woman is always treated as an innocent victim, the seduction doctrine frequently serves the purpose of a judicial shotgun wherewith she may demand money or marriage. Indeed, supplementing the civil remedies with



elaborate criminal provisions, the lawgivers have ordained that if the man has no funds, the lady may send him to a penitentiary if he fails to comply with her financial or matrimonial demands. We are not discussing here the statutory declaration of the various states that the consent of a girl of tender years is no defense in a prosecution for rape. We refer to the additional penal provisions now in force in thirty-five commonwealths, under which a mature woman who consented to sin through persuasions, or promises of marriage, may thereafter have her partner imprisoned from one to twenty years, according to the penalty fixed in the state of her alleged betrayal. In ten commonwealths seduction is not a crime but only a suit for compensation if the woman has completed her twenty-first year. Texas ordains that a woman does not know her mind until she is twenty-five. According to twenty-three other statutes, the female of the species never forfeits the privilege of calling the police if she was incited into sin by masculine wiles or false promises of wedlock. What is punished as a high felony in Kalamazoo may turn out to be only a venial sin in Hoboken.

As to the age of the alleged seducer, only three states have

deemed it necessary to prescribe a minimum. In thirty-two jurisdictions an adolescent in knee breeches may suffer the consequences of having bewitched a chaste woman of sixty. In *The State vs. Stracner* (Texas, 1919), the defendant was a boy "sixteen or seventeen years old," and the alleged victim "was two or three years his senior." It was argued on appeal that four years in a penitentiary was a barbarous penalty to impose on a mere child for a crime confessedly committed with the full cooperation of an older woman. But the sentence was ordered carried out, because of the lady's positive testimony that the infant Don Juan had accomplished the deed by promising to marry her. As the Court explained: "Any person capable of seducing and debauching a female can make a promise of marriage, whatever his age may be."

Theoretically, there is a difference between one-sided seduction and cooperative seduction. A woman cannot complain if "she was prompted by her own lustful desires," as one court put it. But a revengeful plaintiff can easily swear that her body remained chaste throughout the crime. In *The State vs. Storrs* (Washington, 1920), the evidence showed that the lady had "solicited the right to come"

to the defendant from Seattle to Okanogan. Before he had time to reply, she arrived at his hotel, and "voluntarily went to his room" and sinned with him. Yet the long-distance hypnotist was sent to prison for having seduced her through "arts, promises, inducements and persuasions."

### III

In some states, a *bona fide* offer to marry the woman is sufficient to defeat a prosecution for seduction; a fair sinner who prefers to live in dishonored singleness has no other redress than a suit for damages against a well-heeled beguiler. But according to the chivalrous wisdom of twenty other jurisdictions, the seduced damsel may choose matrimony, cash or revenge, as she sees fit. The oft-quoted decision on the subject is *The State vs. Wise* (Oregon, 1897), in which the defendant, charged with the seduction of Sadie Lamb, "offered to marry her, and requested the trial judge to perform the ceremony." But Sadie refused to marry her betrayer. He was promptly found guilty and sentenced to prison.

In eleven states, the accused cannot escape the penitentiary by a purely formal delivery of his body in wedlock. The criminal case

is only *temporarily suspended*, during his good domestic behavior. The period of enforced marriage is fixed at two years in Texas, three in Kentucky and Washington, and five in Georgia. In Iowa and Kansas, the statutory word is "thereafter"; so that the man appears to be matrimonially confined for life, with the state's prison as an alternative and the cell key in the hands of his yokemate. Thus in *The Commonwealth vs. Whitaker* (Kentucky, 1916), the defendant married the woman as a Hobson's choice between two forms of legal restraint; but the same terrors that had driven him to the altar failed to produce a flow of love toward his wife. So she left him, visited the district attorney, and brought the seduction case to trial. In sustaining the penitentiary sentence, the appellate judges explained:

In order to avoid prosecution for this offense, a person having seduced a girl must live with her as her husband for three years, unless he has statutory ground for a divorce from her, and there is nothing in the statute making any difference whether the marriage is voluntarily contracted after the seduction, or results from existing or threatened prosecution.

Thus the lady dishonored before marriage has a legal hold on her husband which the chaste bride does not have. She can call in the

police, whereas her virtuous sister may find herself deserted without legal remedies.

The petticoat tyrannies that the law enforces in such cases may be easily imagined. In *West vs. West* (Virginia, 1920), a man who had married a woman after being arrested for her seduction thereafter attempted to show that he was not the father of her child. But the Court ordered him to pay \$25 for its support because "the marriage and the cohabitation" had made him a father by operation of law. In *Owens vs. Owens* (Georgia, 1924), a husband sued his wife for divorce, asserting that "he had been lodged in jail under a warrant charging seduction of the defendant, and that he married her in order to avoid further imprisonment." A child had been born "one day after the marriage" and about six months after the alleged seduction. The decree was denied because "a man of ordinary intelligence could tell by ocular inspection" that the woman was less than three months away from parturition. When a man finds himself in a hoosegow on the demand of his erstwhile partner in sin, he should know his obstetrics.

It is sometimes suggested that such statutes serve the desirable

purpose of compelling recalcitrant fathers to legitimize their natural offspring. In New Jersey, seduction is not a crime unless it results in pregnancy, but this definition of conditional criminality exists nowhere else. In every other state, the offense is complete, with or without pregnancy, which cannot be proved unless it is "the fruit of the seduction," *i.e.*, the first act of immorality. It is equally well-settled that there is no crime if the marriage was to take place only in the event of biological complications. According to a Michigan decision, a lady who is "willing to lose her virtue if some provision is made to conceal its loss," belongs in the class of females "who commit the act to gratify their desires." Moreover, every state authorizes what are known as bastardy proceedings, whereby fathers are compelled to support children born out of wedlock.

Thus the judges, by reiterating ancient formulae, continue to answer the social questions arising from the complex relations between modern men and women. The foregoing summary clearly shows that a species of "shotgun marriage, judicial style" is fostered by the decisions, although matrimony by compulsion is supposedly illegal.

## LUNACY MARCHES ON!

OUR distinguished contemporary, the New York *Daily Worker* (June 19) has announced to its readers in a bold headline that "Roosevelt Gets Ready to Attack South America." Part of the pellucid reasoning of that recondite journal follows:

No honest person can escape the conclusion: the Roosevelt monopoly domination of South America is a piece of gigantic aggression, economic and MILITARY. It is a war plan. The people down there will be told what to grow, how much to grow, and what price to sell. They will have to be FORCED by bayonets to agree to the Wall Street quotas and the Wall Street prices.

\* \* \*

*Social Justice*, organ of that patriotic divine, Father Coughlin, prays in its issue of June 10 for Hitler's victory over "the Anglo-Saxon powers" — a designation that includes the USA:

The greatest injustice in the world today is the monetary system upheld mainly by the Anglo-Saxon powers — a system which permits money to be created by private corporations for private profit and which holds in subjugation millions of persons by the power of gold and debt money. For this reason, it would be better for the world that Germany should win the

war rather than the Allies, even though the Allies pretend to protect Christianity. . . .

Moreover, by manipulating tenses a bit to make a 127-year-old episode sound contemporary, the good shepherd's weekly proves that, unlike the Nazis, the Britishers *are* committing atrocities in America. The episode exhumed by *Social Justice* alleges pillage and rape by British soldiers at Hampton, Virginia, in 1813 and draws this moral:

Although Germany is not guiltless of atrocities, nevertheless she has not perpetrated them upon American men, women and children. The same cannot be said for Great Britain. . . . Again the kettle calls the pot black. Why should we Americans become agitated over atrocities abroad when there are plenty of them to be considered here at home?

\* \* \*

The Germans have no designs on South America — except to sweep out the Spaniards, Portuguese, Indians and people of mixed blood. This is explained modestly in a letter to the liberal New York *Neue Volkszeitung* (June 15), protesting against that paper's harshness toward Nazi Fifth Columnists in Latin America:

Having returned to New York from an anthropological survey, in Central and South America, I can report to you the following about the "German intrigues" in these countries. There are about two million Germans and in addition Spaniards, Portuguese, Negroes, Indians, and especially all kinds of mixed breeds. The bearers of culture and the civilizing element are the Germans exclusively. In their hands alone is the growing industry and export commerce. They desire now to contribute to the political formation of their adopted countries, entirely in the sense of order, peace and constructive activities. They do not want these countries to become German colonies, but they do desire to sweep out the perpetually rebellious elements of Spanish, Portuguese, Indian and mixed blood origin.

\* \* \*

When Russia, of all nations, objects to meddling in Spain, of all places, that's news. From the Moscow *Pravda* (March 23):

The imperialist countries England and France are meddling in the internal affairs of Spain and attempt by threats to force it to change its foreign policy. France and England are trying to spread the conflagration of war to Spain, in order to advance their bloody aspirations against the interests of the Spanish people.

\* \* \*

Il Duce's erudite colleague, Signor Farinacci, in the Cremona *Regime Fascista*, reveals that the Vatican is run by the Jews. Says Farinacci, in attacking the Vatican's official organ:

(Compiled by Stephen Naft.)

I will never stop attacking those who, instead of defending the universality of the Church, follow, as does *Osservatore Romano*, the politics of the synagogues.

\* \* \*

They knew what they wanted. The Danish writer, Thorvald Knudsen, in the Berlin *Europäische Hefte*, April 9:

The attitude of Denmark to the world powers of 1940 points with unmistakable clearness to the absolute necessity for the success of Germany's attempt to realize equal rights for all European peoples, by pledging all its powers for the right of nations.

And Knut Hamsun, author of *Hunger*, writing in an Oslo newspaper shortly before the Nazi invasion:

We do not want to fall under the domination of a foreign power. More and more we turn our hope toward Germany.

\* \* \*

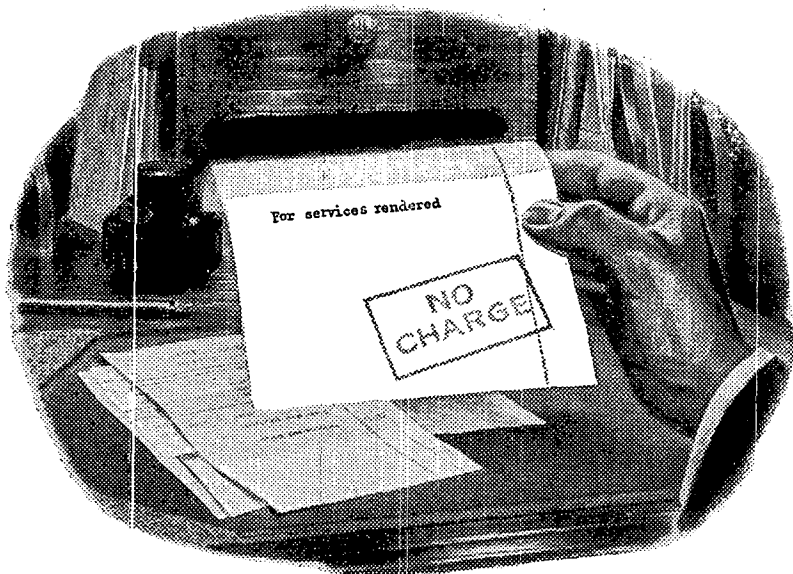
"Life in Oslo follows its normal course," the German radio station Zeesen announced on April 18. Normalcy, Hitler style, is illustrated by this proclamation, then on the walls of Oslo:

DEATH WILL BE THE PUNISHMENT FOR ANYONE DESTROYING MEANS OF COMMUNICATION.

DEATH WILL BE THE PUNISHMENT FOR OBEYING THE ORDER OF MOBILIZATION.

DEATH WILL BE THE PUNISHMENT FOR ANYONE WHO BY REMARKS DIRECTED AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT MAY DO HARM TO THE COUNTRY.

# Something



**YOUR LIFE INSURANCE POLICY** is a contract between the Company and you. The Company wishes not only to fulfill the terms of that contract, but to perform every reasonable service that may increase your policy's value to you and your family.

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## *Analyzing or checking your insurance program.*

Your Metropolitan Agent will co-operate with you in seeing that your insurance fulfills the purpose for which you bought it. If there have been any changes in your economic status, or in your family obligations, your Agent will help you work out a plan to make your insurance program cover them.

## *Explaining Retroactive Benefits on Liberalized Policies.*

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If you have an old policy on which you no longer pay premiums, you may wonder if it has any value. Such old policies often do have value. And, through voluntary action by the Company, many Weekly Premium policies have become eligible for cash surrender value if premiums on them were paid for at least three years,

even though the policy terms require a longer premium-paying period.

Of course, nothing in this advertisement is intended to suggest that either you or your beneficiaries should refrain from consulting a trusted family advisor, or a competent and reputable attorney-at-law in case you, or your beneficiaries, feel the need of doing so.

*One thing more.* Even though you may have read your life insurance policy thoroughly, do so again . . . at once. Read it from beginning to end. Be certain that both you and your beneficiaries are familiar with its provisions. If there is anything that you, or they, do not understand, your Company's agent will be glad to explain—or, if you prefer, communicate with the Home office.

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*This is Number 28 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.*

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*Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the  
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Golden Gate International Exposition  
in San Francisco.*

# MAJOR ENGAGEMENT IN PARIS

## *A Story*

By KAY BOYLE

IT was Mrs. Hodges' American dentist who introduced her to the toothpicks. They were called Hav-a-Picks, the name bearing an obvious double meaning, and they came in flat cardboard packets, like the matches they give you in hotels. Mrs. Hodges took a liking to them at once. The dentist gave her the first package around three o'clock one afternoon, and at five she took them out to tea with her, a grim-lipped, imperious old lady sitting upright in the elegant tea-shop with the packet of toothpicks laid out in preparation on the table and her gas mask in its case slung over her shoulder. She was wearing one of the new small hats, a black one with a crisp white flower on it, set firmly forward on her brow, and her hawk-thin, aquiline nose arched regally beneath it. She told the girl who came for her order that she was waiting for Mrs. Peterson, and that she would order her ice-cream soda when Mrs. Peterson came, the ringing accent which thirty years

of Paris had not yet worn into French stating:

"Mon am-ee, Madame Pee-tair-song, doit vanir." She had put her black bag on one chair and her umbrella on the other, and she told the girl rather tartly that in the last war no one had bothered to hang up curtains like that or gum strips of paper on the plate glass. "Last war Big Bertha's range moved right down our street," she said. "One day it got the house at one corner and the gentleman who had been dining with us got his bedroom shot away. He came back, very apologetically, of course, and spent the night on the divan in our sitting room." Because there were only three or four other ladies taking tea in this place where American girls in their sheer silk stockings and American matrons had swarmed before, the girl had time to stand and listen to it. "The next day it got the house at the other corner," Mrs. Hodges was saying, loud and clear. "That's why I



never like to sit near glass. Every geranium Mrs. Peterson had put out that year was cut to pieces. She lost her *bonne* too with it."

"*Affreux!*" the waitress murmured, but not with much passion, for that was the other war, not the war outside and in the newspapers today.

"Her nerve broke and she went back to Brittany," Mrs. Hodges said. "Mrs. Peterson had a hard time getting another one who could cook so well."

And now Mrs. Peterson herself came through the revolving glass doors, dressed all in mauve, except for the dark fur cloak across her fragile shoulders. She came hesitantly into the tea-shop, garbed in a series of unbelted, silken, mauve garments which fell straight to her ankles as if they covered nothing but stark, white, unfleshed bones. A canopy of violet drifted from her hat and draped along one side of the frail, ladylike face, and her gas-mask case hung rather rakishly on her shoulder. She came through the doors and stood there in bewilderment a moment seeking Mrs. Hodges out of the endless repetition of mirrored tables and mirrored faces and mirrored mauve garments, so near-sighted that Mrs. Hodges must lift up her umbrella and wave it at her.

"Hi, there, Helen!" she called out, the strong, thin-lipped face, the head with the waved grey hair and the new hat on it raised commandingly. "Helen!" she called out to her former bridesmaid, and Mrs. Peterson turned, faintly and vaguely smiling, towards the voice's direction, still unsure towards which reflection she should float.

Once the chocolate ice-cream soda and the banana-split were ordered, Mrs. Hodges could wait no longer. She seized up the package of Hav-a-Picks and began.

"Hav-a-Pick!" she said with something like grim hilarity, and Mrs. Peterson looked up at her, startled for an instant, and then smiled bravely at her girlhood friend. "The newest rage in America Dr. Havilock tells me," Mrs. Hodges went on. "They stimulate the teeth, disinfect 'em, get the tartar off. He says that the film-stars always carry a package in their handbags."

"Why, I had no idea that Americans —" Mrs. Peterson's frail voice began, but Mrs. Hodges stopped it short by snapping the package open before her. There they were, rooted upright in one piece like a strip of fragile, golden matches.

"Take one," ordered Mrs. Hodges. "Just bend it off. You'll need one after your banana-split."

Mrs. Peterson, visibly affected, lifted her hand in its pale grey glove, then let it fall helplessly into her lap again.

"Marion," she said gently, "I'm afraid you'll think me very silly, but I've never used — I mean, I really don't think I ever met anyone who used — Of course, I've seen people in restaurants, I mean French people, foreigners, of course, but —"

"Rubbish," said Mrs. Hodges, removing a toothpick expertly from the group. She held it an instant in her fingers so that Mrs. Peterson might study its contour, and then she said: "It's not like an ordinary toothpick. You don't just stick it in. First," she said, proceeding to demonstrate, "you wet it with the tip of your tongue so as to limber it up and get the disinfectant working. Then," she said, continuing with the demonstration, "you work it — gently — in — between — each — tooth —"

She sat on the green velvet cushions concentrating severely on it, her upper lip drawn up and her teeth revealed like a squirrel's. Mrs. Peterson looked at her in faint dismay a moment, then flung a short-sighted but despairing glance around at the neighboring tables and the beautifully appointed room.

"Don't you think," she murmured, drawing the folds of her mauve canopy about them, perhaps in the hopes that this or some intervention from heaven might succeed in veiling Mrs. Hodges temporarily from the public eye, "don't you think, Marion dear, that certain, well, certain intimate functions, that is like washing the face or pick — I mean, going about these things where people —"

"Brings the gums to life," Mrs. Hodges snarled through her "Hav-a-Pick." Once the chocolate ice-cream soda and the banana-split had been set down on the table and the tray of variegated pastries was borne to them, Mrs. Hodges' eye lit on the piece of orange layer cake and the conversation altered. "Everyone eats in the automat now in New York," she said, speaking as one fresh from the metropolis because she, at least, had been there six months before. "Much nicer places than they used to be when we were young, all white and clean and the food tastes good."

"I don't know if I could bring myself to go into an automat," said Mrs. Peterson in her failing voice. "It's so dangerous, isn't it? I always think of that dreadful, dreadful story about the old beggar-woman who had her walls lined with thousand-dollar bills they

found out later." Mrs. Peterson dabbed her lip with her handkerchief as her voice expired. "She went into the automat," she said, scarcely audibly, "and bought a bun and filled it with, you know, Marion, filled it with — with —" The words trailed into silence and her eye wandered helplessly around the room, and Mrs. Hodges, loathing senility and the flesh's and the memory's decay, snapped out:

"Jam, butter, sausage, treacle — say it, Helen, say it."

"Oh, no," gasped Mrs. Peterson, "with something, you know, fatal. I think it was strychnine or arsenic, anyway something deadly. And she ate half the bun and left the other half on the counter," said Mrs. Peterson, holding on to her spoon with the piece of banana on it for strength. "And she went off into the rest-room and died there in the most awful agony. That's the sort of thing that happens in New York," she said. "And then somebody came along, quite a young man I think it was, a working-man but still a perfectly healthy fine fellow with a wife and a little — I don't remember but I think the newspaper said he had a little baby — yes, a little boy or a little girl, I don't quite remember which — and he picked up the other half of the bun and ate —"

"Now you try one," said Mrs. Hodges, flapping the packet open in front of her again, and before another word could be said she broke a toothpick off and handed it to her girlhood friend.

"Why, Marion dear, I don't think I will," said Mrs. Peterson, and as completely as a snail retires into its shell she retreated into her own dim, well-bred haziness, but Mrs. Hodges had already put the slender golden wand into her hand.

"Now, do as I tell you, Helen," she said, and she selected another toothpick for herself and moistened its tip in her mouth. Mrs. Peterson, helplessly drawing the folds of her violet canopy about her, did the same. "Wet it," commanded Mrs. Hodges. "Do it like this, and then force it gently — but very — gently — in — between —"

It was during the preparatory maneuvers that Mrs. Peterson's toothpick broke suddenly in two.

"Good heavens," she murmured in relief, and she put the bits of it carefully out of sight beneath her plate. "I don't think I could ever become an expert at it," she said, laughing lightly, but there was no escape.

"Take another," said Mrs. Hodges brutally. "You've got to learn." Mrs. Peterson's frail hand was trembling slightly as she placed

the point of the second medicated stick upon her tongue. "You must do it gently. Don't rush at it like a bull in a china closet," Mrs. Hodges said. "Just work carefully at it — the way — I'm — doing —"

"Isn't that Mr. Bullitt's daughter over there?" murmured Mrs. Peterson. "I really would feel quite distressed if — Marion, I would feel very badly for both our sakes if that nice Mr. Bullitt ever heard anything that would —"

The words were scarcely out of her mouth than her second "Hav-a-Pick" bent over double. Mrs. Hodges was so annoyed this time that, although she knew perfectly well that it was she who had invited Mrs. Peterson out, she could not bring herself to pick up the check and walk to the cash-desk with it. She got to her feet and she said: "My treat next time, Helen," exactly as they had said it a hundred times as girls to each other. The packet of "Hav-a-Picks" was closed safely away in her bag and she thought bitterly, I'll never give her another one, never, never. She stood there by the table, the haughty, imperious, rather haggard face set against the other tables of pastry-eating women, waiting for Mrs. Peterson to gather up her things, settle her gas mask over her shoulder, and come.

## II

Nothing further was said about the toothpicks until the first early morning they met in the spacious, well-lighted cellars of the apartment house across the street. It was just three o'clock, and the sirens had ceased wailing. There were only about twenty people gathered underground with them, all fully dressed, quiet, respectable people. Mrs. Peterson had brought her knitting with her, and Mrs. Hodges had the "Hav-a-Picks" in her bag.

"Last war," Mrs. Hodges was saying as her former bridesmaid came drifting down the cellar stairs, "the sirens made quite a different row. They screamed out loud as if you were stepping on their tails, and there seemed some sense to it. More life to it than the mooing and growling they go in for now."

"Yes, I *do* know what you mean, Marion," Mrs. Peterson said as she merged rather timidly into the group. "It seems such an understatement, doesn't it?"

But Mrs. Hodges had not quite forgiven her yet, and she turned her profile to her and looked steadily the other way. The mother with the three-weeks-old baby and its uniformed nurse were walking slowly up and down as if in the

Bois on Sunday afternoon; the young married couple were strolling from gas-meter to electric-meter to water-meter reading the numbers showing on them, arm in arm; the distinguished old gentleman with the white Van Dyke beard had unfolded his campstool, tested its firmness, and then sat down with his glasses pinched on his nose and opened out his copy of *Le Temps*; the five cooks and the four chambermaids and the six concierges had all brought their stools, or sacks, or newspapers with them.

"Where are the seats?" Mrs. Hodges demanded in a moment, the grim eye raking the cellar from ceiling to earthen floor. "No seats?" she said. "Last war we had 'em." Without a word, Mrs. Peterson followed her in contrition the cellar's length to where the drainpipe traversed the end and meekly sat down beside her on it. "Last war everybody came down cellar," said Mrs. Hodges in the loud ringing imitation of the Gallic tongue. She sat on the drainpipe looking in contempt at the small gathering seated on their sacks or their newspapers or their stools. "Nobody lolled around in bed. We had card tables and the gramophone going and some *esprit de corps*."

Before Mrs. Peterson had man-

aged to extricate her roll of violet knitting from her lorgnette's chain and her gas-mask's strap and the keys of her apartment, Mrs. Hodges had brought the tooth-picks out.

"Hav-a-Pick, Helen," she said almost jovially, but Mrs. Peterson heard the note of bitter and brief reprieve in it. She knew this was just one more chance being given. "We may be shut down here for a couple of hours," Mrs. Hodges said, and Mrs. Peterson set her paraphernalia down on the ground and did as she was bid. "Now, do just as I tell you," Mrs. Hodges went on. "First you must notice that the 'Hav-a-Pick' has one flat side and one pointed side — no, Helen, I did not say 'end,' I said 'side.'" As Mrs. Peterson studied the little golden strip of wood, tears came suddenly and hopelessly into her eyes. "Now, you must remember to keep the broad side down — the — broad — side — down, the broad — not the pointed — side — DOWN —" Mrs. Hodges made the demonstration several times over before Mrs. Peterson had summoned enough confidence to begin. "Now, just go at it carefully," Mrs. Hodges said, and Mrs. Peterson gave one last, despairing look at the carefree, unwitting others in the cellar.

"I had hoped to get a few rows done on my liseuse," she murmured out of her inadequacy and dismay, and just as she finished speaking the toothpick snapped in half.

"Good gracious, Helen!" cried Mrs. Hodges. "I've never seen anyone go at it the way you do! You simply won't listen to what I say." She scanned the open packet, as if calculating the number that remained, and then she made the decision and selected another one for Mrs. Peterson. "Now try it again," she said. "Just try, if you possibly can, to moisten it without biting it in two."

"I didn't bite it," said Mrs. Peterson, close to breaking down before them all.

"Stop talking," said Mrs. Hodges as she worked scientifically across her mouth. "You're bound to get into trouble if you keep on moving your jaw up and down. Remember I can't get these easily over here. Just try to keep your mind on what you're doing."

At exactly what instant Mrs. Peterson's second "Hav-a-Pick" broke, Mrs. Hodges never knew.

The only thing she was sure of was that Mrs. Peterson kept up the bluff for some time after the best half of it was gone. After a good minute of observing her former bridesmaid fumbling awkwardly away at her teeth, she said sharply:

"Let me see your 'Hav-a-Pick,' Helen," and Mrs. Peterson could do nothing but take the remains of it out. "Just as I thought," said Mrs. Hodges briefly. "I simply don't know how you do it. I simply don't understand."

She was so annoyed that she could not bring herself to address another word to Mrs. Peterson. Only when the sirens had begun sobbing out the all-clear signal did Mrs. Hodges manage to articulate a sentence in her mother-tongue. She said: "Next time I'll bring a deck chair along and get a snatch of sleep, instead of thinking of other people." They walked up the cellar stairs and out into the street in silence and crossed it, their gas masks hanging from their shoulders, in the iron-cold white dawn of day.



► *How does the Mohammedan world  
view the advance of the totalitarians?*

## THE FATE OF THE NEAR EAST

BY EDWARD J. BING

IN the main square of Tripolis, Libya's picturesque capital, on a hot African afternoon five years ago, a middle-sized Italian named Mussolini stood up in the stirrups of his white charger, brandished what he euphemistically styled "the sword of Islam," and proclaimed himself the protector of the Moslem world. The Moslem world looked on, unimpressed. In its past of thirteen centuries it had seen many a middle-sized man stretching himself to look bigger and offering to hug the Moslem world in a brotherly embrace curiously resembling that of an "all-in" wrestler breaking the neck of his victim.

The timeless Near East has been the eternal bone of contention between its Western and Eastern neighbors. Today, 2500 years after Nebuchadnezzar, Führer of the Babylonian Empire, invaded Palestine, that Near East again finds itself at the crossroads of history. This time its fate is decisively affected by Hitler's and Mussolini's lust for power, by Stalin's hopes of

keeping the Axis from outflanking his position in the Balkans and in Asia, and by the vital interests of the British Empire, whatever may be its future form. Germany's old and notorious pet project, "Berlin-Baghdad," has come to life again, with its promise of direct access to India and to the fabulously rich oil fields of Mesopotamia and Persia. That project is possible only if Soviet Russia is forced to stand aside while the Nazis obtain control of the Dardanelles and through them of the Black Sea — which would conflict with Russia's interests in the Near East. Rome's eyes are turned towards Egypt and Suez.

Now, as in the Kaiser's time, all hopes of voluntary co-operation of the Moslems in a political or economic penetration of the Near East by Germany and Italy are vain. Only brutal force can achieve that penetration. But have not the Moslems had one quarrel after another with England and France? Surely they would welcome Germany and Italy as their liberators?

Decidedly they would not. It is part of the psychological riddle of the Near East which baffles Western diplomats. And here is another aspect of that riddle:

One generation ago, Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey, known as Abdul the Damned, tried to launch a systematic Pan-Islamic movement. While it proclaimed the spiritual unity of all followers of the Prophet regardless of their political allegiance, its real object was to strengthen the power of the Turkish Sultan — he wished to capitalize politically the fact that as Caliph of Islam he was spiritual head of all Moslems both inside and outside Turkey. His efforts proved futile. The deep resentment of the huge Arabic-speaking population of the Ottoman Empire against being ruled by the Turks was stronger than its feeling of Moslem solidarity. Yet hardly had Turkish rule over the Arabian territories come to an end, soon after the first World War, when the Arabic-speaking inhabitants of the Near East began to turn to the Turks with increasing respect, which soon developed into admiration. Indeed, the entire Arab world began to look upon Turkey as its spiritual and political rallying point.

This change of heart was in part due to Turkey's amazing political

and military resurrection from the crushing defeat she had suffered in the first World War. There were also other reasons for the new Turcophile attitude of the Arabs which completely changed the political complexion of the Near East. During the war the Allies had promoted and encouraged a Pan-Arab movement that was fundamentally different from Pan-Islamism, being based not upon the religious unity of all Moslems but upon the national and lingual unity of all Arabic-speaking groups as distinct from the Turks. The underlying idea was to induce the Arabic-speaking population of the Turkish Empire to liberate itself from Turkish rule. The British formed an alliance with the Sherif Hussein, hereditary spiritual chief of the holy Moslem cities of Mecca and Medina. If the Allies defeated the Turkish Empire, Hussein was to become temporal ruler of its Arabic-speaking parts, notably Syria, Palestine, Arabia, and Iraq. Then, by one of the greatest individual achievements in modern history, Lawrence of Arabia organized an army of Bedouins under the nominal leadership of the Ameer Faisal, Sherif Hussein's eldest son, and staged the successful revolt of the Arabs against Turkey.



The second act of the drama came shortly after the war. It brought the collapse of the entire Pan-Arab project. Ibn Saud, the powerful master of Inner Arabia and the temporal and spiritual chief of the so-called *Wahabite* sect — the Puritans of the Moslem world — had always regarded Sherif Hussein of Mecca and Medina with deep jealousy. In and around his unapproachable stronghold, the oasis of Riyadh in the heart of the huge Arabian Peninsula, Ibn Saud held sway over a big army of fanatically devout followers and fighters, the much-feared *Ihwans*, who neither smoke nor drink alcohol, and consider all other Moslems pagans because they believe in saints and worship at holy shrines, which the fanatically puritan followers of Ibn Saud regard as idolatry.

Soon after Sherif Hussein had been proclaimed King of the Hedjaz and his eldest son, Faisal, had been made King of Iraq by the British, and Abdallah, Faisal's younger brother, had become ruler of Transjordan, Ibn Saud set his army of *Ihwan* warriors in motion. They conquered the holy cities of Mecca and Medina and forced King Hussein to go into exile, where he died soon afterwards. Hussein's son Faisal, King of Iraq

and great friend of Lawrence of Arabia, died soon after his father, from a sudden attack of "indigestion" during a romantic *tête-à-tête* in a hotel in Berne, capital of Switzerland. The young lady of the romance checked out of the fashionable hotel before her royal lover's death was discovered, crossed the nearby frontier, and was never heard of again. And that was the end of the project of a Pan-Arab federation under the leadership of King Hussein's family.

Another reason why the Arab world now turned to its former Turkish masters for guidance was the foreign policy of the new Turkish Republic — unique in contemporary Europe and Asia — which officially proclaimed that the Turks were no longer interested in conquering their neighbors. Kemal Ataturk, savior and father of the new and westernized Turkey, was opposed to conquest. For centuries, he emphasized, Turkey had been engaged in sending her best sons to Arabia to die of wounds, thirst or tropical diseases on barren desert battlefields in order to conquer and govern non-Turkish populations against their will. Henceforth, said Ataturk, his country would devote its energies exclusively to its own modernization and to developing its own rich natural resources.

Among the Mohammedans of the world the Turks are by far the best soldiers. While their equipment in modern aircraft and motorized units is limited, their army ranks first throughout the Balkans and the Near East, and they undoubtedly have one of the best General Staffs in the world. During the political strife that has kept Europe in turmoil for fifteen years no power could have stopped the Turks from reconquering Syria, Palestine, Iraq and Arabia, had they wished to do so. They didn't, and the "good neighbor" policy proclaimed by the young Turkish Republic has generated in the Arab world and Persia a strong feeling of solidarity with Turkey, a solidarity which may have a far-reaching effect upon coming events in the Near East.

Whatever military and political developments history has in store for North Africa and Western Asia, there can be no doubt about the actual feelings of the Moslem populations of Egypt, Syria, Palestine and Iraq. Their national aspirations have led to many conflicts with Britain and France in the past, but in recent years most of them have ended in agreement, tacit or official. The Moslem revolutionary committee in Palestine suspended its Fifth Column activities when

the War broke out; an amicable solution of the problem of Palestine had by then become practically certain, whereas annexation by Hitler or Mussolini would mean slavery for its Moslems and non-Moslems alike. Iraq and Egypt were given independence and became allies of Britain, while a similar agreement between France and Syria was reached a short time before the war started. On the other hand, the populations of Egypt, Iraq and Syria are fully aware that under Fascist or Nazi domination their newly acquired independence and improved economic status would disappear at one fell swoop. They know the miserable fate which befell Libya and Ethiopia after their conquest by Italy. What Nazi conquest would mean to Persia, one of the world's richest oil-producing territories, is so obvious that even the simplest Persian peasant can visualize it.

## II

Because of similar considerations the anti-British movement in India has largely abated. The Mohammedans of India have always sided with the British because they form a minority of one-to-two against the Hindu and other non-Moslem

inhabitants. The influence of the Indian National Congress Party upon Indian public opinion has long since superseded the political significance of the various Rajahs and Maharajahs. So long as India remains part of the British Empire, the Rajahs will have little to say in the actual management of Indian affairs, but the leaders of the Indian National Congress Party will wield decisive influence. A totalitarian annexation of India, on the other hand, would sweep aside both the native rulers and the National Congress Party. It would transform the country into a halfway-house between a concentration camp and a giant plantation with three hundred million slaves. The responsible leaders of both the moderate and the extremist wings of the Indian National Congress therefore frown upon any Fifth Column activities directed against England, and have decided to resume at the end of the war the conversations with the British concerning the future status and administrative organization of India.

Among those who opposed Italian rule in Libya were the Senussi, a Moslem religious confraternity numbering about eight million souls which spreads over the whole of North Africa but used to be most numerous in Southern Libya.

Some years ago Marshal Rodolfo Graziani conquered their desert capital, the oasis of Kufra, and thousands of their people perished in the desert on a pathetic *trek* in search of a new and free home, which their remnants eventually found in Western Egypt. On the occasion of a personal visit which the writer paid a few years ago to Sidi Ahmed Esh-Sherif Es-Senussi, Grand Sheikh and temporal and spiritual head of the Senussi confraternity, Sidi Ahmed solemnly affirmed that the Senussi considered themselves in an eternal state of war with Italy, and that they were going to use the first opportunity to shake off the Italian yoke. Whatever the future may bring in North Africa, the Senussi will miss no opportunity for attacking the interests of the totalitarians. The Senussi are Moslems of the most orthodox type; and the orthodox Moslem still believes that death in battle leads straight to Paradise.

The peoples of the Near East know that their interests are best served by continued cooperation with the Allies. This cooperation automatically aligns them with Turkey, too. Turkey's sympathies and interests are entirely on the British side, because England's defeat would inexorably lead to

Germano-Italian attempts at dominating Turkey.

But should the Allies be forced to withdraw from Arabic-speaking territories, Turkey may become the pivot of the entire Near Eastern situation. On Gallipoli the Turks defeated even the British. They are the only Moslem nation which possesses a really effective modern army and is capable of putting up a dogged resistance to an invader. Moreover, Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan have long been bound together by a non-aggression pact which in effect is almost an alliance. Should Hitler and Mussolini eliminate Allied influence from the Near East, its populations will probably seek the protection of the new democratic Turkey, whose spectacular resurrection aroused their admiration and whose "good neighbor" policy changed their one-time hatred into friendly confidence.

Thus Nazi and Fascist attempts at sowing discord between the Arabic-speaking peoples and either the British or the Turks, are doomed to failure. The peoples of the Near East — Egyptians, Turks, Arabs, Persians and Indians alike — are certainly in no mood for voluntary cooperation with Germany and Italy, knowing that it would

be suicidal. If the dictatorial wolves hope to impress the inhabitants of North Africa and the Near and Middle East by appearing in the sheep's clothing of "liberators" and "protectors of Islam," a profound disappointment awaits them. One of the many stories which circulate in the Near East about a famed Turkish sage, Nasreddin Hodja, is apropos. One day Nasreddin Hodja was seen walking up the bank of a river, looking intently into the water. One of his disciples asked him what he was doing. "My wife was drowned in the river, and I'm looking for the corpse," was the answer. "But then why are you walking upstream?" asked the young man. "Obviously the river must have carried the body downstream." "My friend," replied the sage, "you seem to know all about the river but you did not know my wife. She always did the opposite of what she was expected to do." It is more than likely that the Near Eastern Sphinx will provide her totalitarian interviewers with a similar experience. The conquest or annexation of the Near East by Hitler and Mussolini would transform the entire Mohammedan world into one huge anti-totalitarian Fifth Column.

# THE MEN WHO WRITE OUR PLAYS

BY PHILIP RAHV

ACCORDING to George Jean Nathan and other informed critics, the contemporary American drama is the most vital and advanced in the world. On the face of it this judgment, so flattering to our national ego, seems incontestable; yet it is so strictly comparative in meaning as to be far less complimentary than it sounds. It is more a reflection on the state of the world today than on the state of the American theatre. The truth is that our drama has attained first place by default. If the European theatre offers such weak competition these days, it is not its internal development which accounts for it but catastrophic conditions of a social and political nature.

To discount all fancy claims, however, is not to deny that dramatic literature in America has shown a liveliness and a sense of adaptation to new material which has saved it from the tendency to decline that has of late been observed in other literary forms. While the quality of novels has

visibly deteriorated in this period, the same cannot justly be said about recent plays. On the whole the level of playwriting is at present no lower, even if it is no higher, than it was one or two decades ago.

But certain nice distinctions are in order. The play, it should be noted, has by no means caught up with the novel as a medium of verbal art. In any final creative sense fiction is still far in the lead, as no other form of writing can rival its capacity to reproduce the diversity and complexity of modern life in a manner at once direct, subtle, and comprehensive. One must keep in mind the fact that a number of historical factors have combined to reduce the drama to the status of a second-rate medium. It is surely no accident that in America, for example, no creative writer of the first rank — with the single exception of Eugene O'Neill — has found in the drama his natural means of expression; and allowing for national variations this is equally true of England, France, and Germany. It seems

that the experience of highly developed and thoroughly urbanized societies is too varied and intricate to be readily encompassed within the simple, narrow, and rigorously economical outlines of the dramatic form. But perhaps it is this very "primitivism" of the drama which gives it a certain stability. The drama's basically traditional technique limits the scope and depth of its achievement in times of literary expansion, but also prevents it from slipping into a decline as rapid as that of the other forms in times of literary depression.

In recent years the drama has responded to the major events of our time by shifting its interest from the theme of private to that of public morality. Today the stage no longer feeds on the manners and humors of the private ego but on the frustrations and ambitions of whole nations as well as of social groups and classes. Plays like *Desire Under the Elms*, *Craig's Wife*, and *The Silver Cord* were characteristic of the 1920's when writers were preoccupied with the problem of personal relations and generally with the struggle of the individual to live his own life in the teeth of social taboos and family conventions. In the 1930's, on the other hand, the significant

concerns of the age were voiced by plays like *Winterset*, *Awake and Sing*, and *There Shall Be No Night*, which represent the fate of the individual in terms of the fate of society. There is little doubt that this trend will continue in the 1940's — because nowadays personal and social problems are so closely linked that to disconnect them is to treat them abstractly and hence unintelligently. The new morals of the theatre are social morals. This is as true of the upper-class comedies of S. N. Behrman as of the lower-class tragedies of Clifford Odets, of Robert Sherwood's excursions into current events as of Maxwell Anderson's declamations on man's place and destiny in the universe. Saroyan seems to be the only playwright who has kept aloof from social problems. But Saroyan, who imitates not the world but, strictly himself, is in no sense a typical case.

It is necessary to remark that the term "social" is not being used here as a synonym of the term "political." While social plays have their political implications — which you are free to interpret in your own manner — political plays usually turn out to be propaganda pieces. Not content with mere implications or even with a thesis or mes-

sage, such plays, more often than not, insist on providing the spectator with a complete philosophy of politics or, worse still, with the address of some party or organization which he is to join if dissatisfied with things as they are. And it is precisely this wrongheaded definitiveness, this arrogant and fatuous certainty as to where salvation lies, which has ruined most plays of social protest, especially those produced with such zealous disregard for the drama as an art-form, by the now defunct Theatre Union and other left-wing groups.

## II

Of the younger playwrights only three — Odets, Hellman, and Saylor — have so far gained the general recognition of audiences and dramatic reviewers. Odets is, to my mind, the most gifted of the three. He has intensity, meaningful convictions, a natural aptitude for the dramatic form, a theme which he was the first to explore and develop, and a style that by and large effectively assimilates the modern American vernacular to theatrical uses.

Yet Odets has not shown any real capacity for growth, with the result that his most recent theatre-piece, *Night Music*, falls far below

the level of *Awake and Sing*, his first full-length play. *Night Music* summed up, as it were, all of Odets' faults: the obsession with one type — the poor, baffled, garrulous, self-pitying, fighting-mad young man who, lost in the big city, desperately craves success and happiness; the tendency of his dialogue to run ahead of itself in glittering wisecracks that sometimes yield a kind of heroico-comical pathos but which otherwise destroy the logic and realism of his situations, converting his people into a band of jittery low-life mouthpieces; the naïve radicalism which, though never degenerating into political braggadocio or senseless sloganeering, is none the less inadequately understood and indiscriminately distributed among his characters; and, finally, defects of sensibility that permit him, as in *Golden Boy*, to adopt cheap theatrical devices whenever his invention fails him. Odets is, to be sure, a serious dramatist, and at least two of his plays — *Awake and Sing* and *Rocket to the Moon* — will long be remembered in the American theatre. But what he needs to do, if he is not to get bogged down in the writing and re-writing of the real or imaginary biography of his youth, is to rid himself of his adolescent identifica-

tion with the baffled young man who is the ever-recurring hero of his plays.

Lillian Hellman is quite as social-minded as Odets, but she lacks his ardor and intensity. A competent play-maker, she is precise in her stage-effects and expert in maneuvering characters; and as her special talent is for malevolence, she succeeded in making the morbidly mean little girl of *The Children's Hour* and the vicious people of *The Little Foxes* appear menacingly real. However, one cannot help but feel that there is something strained and factitious about her plays. Her dialogue is effective in its way yet too neat and dry, the dramatic incidents she devises often seem arbitrary instead of inevitable, and her portrayal of depraved types does not so much reveal the evil which is in the human heart as exploit for melodramatic ends our willingness to believe the worst about our neighbors. Yet Miss Hellman cannot go far wrong so long as she continues with her psychological studies of malice and greed; for it is only when she succumbs to ideological pressures and writes on class-struggle themes that her limitations become most apparent. I don't suppose I have ever seen a more inept "revolutionary" play than her *Days to*

*Come*, staged on Broadway several years ago, in which a capitalist's wife falls in love with a union organizer leading a strike in her husband's factory, the presumption being that this somehow symbolizes the fall of the bourgeoisie and the rise of the proletariat. Actually it was poor propaganda, for it reminded one of the old-fashioned story of the diligent young workman who marries his boss's daughter. What Miss Hellman had done was shift and revise this antique tale along radical lines to make it deliver a new political message.

William Saroyan, who in two seasons has managed to impress Broadway and to persuade the dramatic reviewers that he is a genius, is certainly a phenomenal young man. Plainly what people like about him is his enthusiasm, even though his enthusiasm is directed mostly at himself; and in these melancholy times his light raptures, spontaneity, and clownish fancies are apt to provide an innocent escape from the responsibilities not only of life but, to some extent, of art too. Hence one can sympathize with people who find it pleasant to believe that Saroyan is an important playwright, but one can hardly agree with them. Of his three plays, *My*



*Heart's in the Highlands* seems to me the most interesting and dramatically successful, for it is wholly integrated in feeling and its pastoral sentiments are truly objectified in the scenes it depicts. The same cannot be said, however, about the plays that followed this initial performance. I, for one, am unable to see in them very much more than a demonstration that by throwing all restraint to the wind it is possible to string together a series of stylized vaudeville skits into what may appear on the surface to be a genuine dramatic structure. This is an accomplishment of a kind, for which Saroyan deserves praise but scarcely the acclaim he has received. Least of all does it call for the canonical commendations bestowed upon him by the Pulitzer Award Committee and the Drama Critics' Circle.

### III

But the principal fare offered by the contemporary theatre is provided by the older playwrights, among whom are such veterans of dramatic writing as Elmer Rice, Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, George S. Kaufman, Robert Sherwood, and Philip Barry. And since it is mainly from this group that our drama derives both its strength

and weaknesses, an estimate of its present status as a creative art is implicit in any basic discussion of their work.

Kaufman is, of course, not so much a dramatist as a superb showman. Craftsmanship is to be respected in any field; and as his excellent comedies never outreach themselves, never strive to do more than entertain us, they are much to be preferred to the humorous exploits of a writer like Saroyan, who professes not merely to amuse but also to instruct us in the conduct of life. Elmer Rice, abundantly gifted as a play-maker, is primarily a journalist of the theatre. So is Robert Sherwood, who is in many ways the most enterprising of our playwrights. *Idiot's Delight*, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, and *There Shall Be No Night* were vigorous and exciting expressions of the time-spirit on a level accessible and hence pleasing to wide audiences. Dramatists like Sherwood are indispensable to the theatre, for their energy serves to enliven the medium and to extend its topical range. Philip Barry seems to vacillate between blundering mystical plays like *Here Come the Clowns* and such repartee-pieces as *The Philadelphia Story*, which are funny enough but not sufficiently witty and intelligent to make

more than a momentary impression.

But it is Anderson and Behrman who are undoubtedly, each in his own sphere, the most accomplished members of this group of older playwrights. Most critics value Anderson as a dramatist of high stature, as the heir, in fact, to Eugene O'Neill's mantle, whereas a small minority, whose opinion I share, regard him as the most overrated writer for the theatre in America. In Edmund Wilson's judgment, the characters in *Winter-set* express themselves "in blank verse of a hypnotic monotony and in conventional poetic imagery of a dispiriting flatness and banality," and his other plays give the same impression of "mediocrity and pointlessness." The prose part of his work Wilson found not nearly so bad as his verse. "I am inclined to believe," he wrote, "that it is this unhappy infatuation with blank verse which has aborted Mr. Anderson's talents all around. A technique should grow out of the material; and Mr. Anderson is trying to impose an old technique which has nothing to do with his material."

However, there is something more radically wrong with Anderson's plays than this artificial use of an old technique. The motiva-

tion of his characters, for instance, is uniformly either so high-flown and ultra-spiritual as to become almost completely abstract or else romantic in the stipulated manner of popular art. Anderson set out to recapture the grandeur of classic drama, and therefore it is quite in order to ask whether his ideas and the quality of his imagination are in any way commensurable with his ambition. And here is where one must reply that his content entirely belies the elevation of his tone, for his view of the world is at bottom genteel and academic. His plays are tragic in a pathetic but not at all in a dramatic sense; you will find in them far too many incredible Italian gangsters dragged in by the hair to resolve situations that the author does not know what to do with; and the Shakespearean notes that his lines so flatly echo only serve to call our attention to the plight of a Broadway writer who is trying to lift himself by his bootstraps.

If Anderson is the most overrated of our playwrights, S. N. Behrman is surely the most consistently underrated, at least by highbrow commentators on the theatre. Behrman has been very successful on Broadway, but the well-groomed types that people his comedies and, in general, their

glamorous air has stimulated in some circles a prejudice against him. Yet this prejudice is really nothing more than an inversion of the snobbery of which he is suspected. Actually the social machinery employed by Behrman is one of the most valuable conventions of the comedy of manners; for this reason to appreciate him rightly it is necessary to distinguish between the machinery of his plays and their substance. In his *No Time for Comedy* he examined his own position as a writer in relation to the grim forces that press upon the modern world, and I think we must accept his claim that his work is not "mere glitter and disillusion"—that through it are "refracted the disturbances and agony of the times." In his best plays, such as *Rain from Heaven*, *End of Summer* and *Wine of Choice*, he has represented on a small scale, yet incisively and in a true comic spirit, those same social issues, ideas, and figures that give our more serious contemporary drama its point and relevance. Behrman is unique in the American theatre in that he is not merely witty but also fully conscious of what he is about, in that he engages not only our sense of humor but our intelligence as well.



## COMMUNIQUE

AFTER the ship  
a funneled sea  
sucks at all floating things  
and over its broken wake  
the gulls  
are treading the sunlight  
with their wings.

DOROTHY LIVINGSTON ULRICH

# THE KLAN KICKS UP AGAIN

BY THEODORE IRWIN

THOUGH hopped-up for a 1940 comeback, the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, is befuddled these days. The new crop of Cyclopes, Klaragos, Nighthawks, Terrors, Great Titans, Furies, Klabees, Klokons, Kludds and Kladds, led to believe the order of bulldozers reigned supreme, doesn't know what to make of recent developments.

Witness: the goings-on at Atlanta, capital of the realm. One night last March, a band of knight-shirted men picked up Ike Gaston, a white barber, at the suburb of East Point, drove him to a clump of woods, stripped the flesh from his back with a four-foot whip, and left him to die. Kluxers had objected to his "habits of life." When plug-ugly knighthood was in flower in the 'twenties, such a flogging would have caused barely a ripple of local comment. But poor Ike's death brought on a genuine grand jury investigation with a parade of two hundred witnesses. It turned out that some fifty whippings had been staged in

the section during the past two years in a crusade for "better living habits"; a crusade, strangely enough, which coincided with a CIO organization drive in the textile area. Though Ike's murderers are still at large, Kluxers were promptly indicted for past floggings. The first actual conviction came in April when the "boss of the wrecking crew," accused of lashing nine victims, was given the limit — a year on the chain gang, six months in jail and a \$1000 fine. In May, another Kluxer was handed a sentence twice as severe and a third took an eighteen-months rap. Eight other badly scared members of the robed "wrecking crew" now await trial.

Nor are these the Klan's only recent setbacks. In Roselle, New Jersey, two Kluxers who burned a cross near a synagogue and scattered anti-Semitic leaflets were convicted and fined \$15 each — right in the face of a Kleagle's threat of a riot if the men weren't acquitted. The law cracked down promptly even in the Klan strong-

hold of Anderson, South Carolina, where seven Klansmen (including the Grand Klokard of the state) are to go on trial in the fall for the flogging of a garage mechanic. Recent assaults upon Negroes in the South have been winked at by authorities. Yet even Negroes are now defying the hooded terror.

During the primary elections in Miami last year Klansmen flaunted nooses near the polls, hanged Negroes in effigy wearing signs reading "This nigger registered," and made various other threats of violence against Negro voters.

Nevertheless almost 1500 Negroes — five times as many as had ever voted before — marched to the polls and helped defeat an anti-Negro candidate. In Greenville, South Carolina, another KKK hotbed, Negroes boldly registered in the last municipal primaries despite the Klan's bullying advertisements in the press. Similar threats were ignored by Negro voters in Houston and St. Petersburg.

Thus far the activities of the rehabilitated Klan have generally been limited to the handing out of recruiting or "warning" leaflets, occasional parades in regalia, a few "visitations," some fostering of lynch hysteria, "naturalization" (initiation) ceremonies and sim-

ilar klaptrap. Its most common pastime, the burning of huge rag-wrapped and kerosene-soaked crosses, is usually enacted with a dash of melodramatics; the blaze shoots up unexpectedly on a vacant lot, with no robed brothers present but with a stack of leaflets at the foot of the spectacle. During the past year, these blazing crosses have appeared sporadically in several towns in Southern California, Georgia and Florida; in Jersey City; Muncie, Indiana; Yonkers, New York; Uniontown, Pennsylvania; Philadelphia; Kansas City; Baltimore; Ferndale, Michigan, and other sections.

## II

This spread of the field of action is one sign of the Klan's rebirth. The obstetrical job was done by James Arnold Colescott, an ex-veterinarian who succeeded Hiram Wesley Evans as Imperial Wizard in June, 1939. Evans, kingpin since 1922, and now a Lieutenant Colonel on the staff of Governor E. D. Rivers, has been prospering through selling asphalt to the Georgia State Highway Department. He has just been indicted, by the way, on charges of mail fraud and conspiracy to restrain trade. In January, 1939, Evans attended the

dedication ceremonies of a new Catholic cathedral in Atlanta. It looked like peace with the Pope. But a storm broke over the Catholic issue within the existing remnants of the Klan, and Colescott, who had been running the organization for months behind the scenes, was unanimously elected at the national Klonvocation in June.

Horse doctor turned witch doctor, Colescott is forty-three, bald, pink-faced, overfed. A native of Terre Haute, he worked full-time seventeen years for the Klan, he says — nine years as Grand Dragon of the Ohio mob and later as Imperial Representative in Texas, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan and Kentucky. At his inauguration he promised that his administration "will be one of action." The Klan's headquarters at Buckhead, an Atlanta suburb, was at once redecorated and enlarged. New Klaverns or local chapters were set up in Providence, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Kansas City, Champagne-Urbana (Illinois), Schenectady (New York), several towns in Westchester County (New York), and Cincinnati. The Klan organ, the *Fiery Cross*, jubilantly announced that Klansmen were busy organizing in Ohio, Iowa, Nebraska and Tennessee.

Judging from an advertisement

in the Muncie *Sunday Star* last December, offering cash for a farm suitable for activities of 2500 Klansmen, the Empire is optimistic about rebuilding its crumbled fortresses in Indiana, where D. C. Stephanson, erstwhile state leader, is serving a life term for murder. The greatest advance outside the South may be seen in vigilante-ridden Southern California. Klan membership in Hollywood studios is estimated at 400 and is said to be increasing weekly. Last winter, Colescott revealed, the Klan trained organizers in Florida and Georgia for an invasion of Northern states in the spring. Colescott himself has just staged an organizing swing along the Eastern seaboard to New England and in the Middle West. Membership lists of the 1920-30 era have been circularized anew.

After a few months of his administration the Imperial Horse Doctor asserted that membership had increased 30 per cent. It may be true. The national strength of the peewee empire is rated at less than 100,000, though Colescott boasts half a million paid-up members in thirty-nine states. In 1922-23, the Klan was said to have 2,500,000 members; and in 1928, five million. To enlist new recruits, win back the old-timers and at-

tract financial angels, the program has been amplified. In his inaugural outburst, Colescott called for a "holy war for Americanism, White Supremacy and Protestantism." He has added battle cries against organized labor, especially the CIO; against the New Deal, refugees, foreign-born, communists and the Federal Reserve System. The platform includes planks on "protecting our pure womanhood," "preventing the causes of mob violence and lynchings," and "preventing fires and destruction of property by lawless elements." These bits of whimsey are obviously aimed at meeting any untoward consequences of Klan hooliganism.

The resurrected Empire now uses such ballyhoo devices as loud speakers in trucks. Klansmen salute in a manner not unlike the fascists. Recruits are sought among the "best" people. A boycott has been organized under the motto "SYMWAOW," signifying Spend Your Money With Americans Only. Contrasted with the childish tricks of the original Klan — hideous masks, skeleton hands and false heads — the new regime prefers leaflets or an agony-column advertisement such as the following: "*FIERY SUMMONS: All Klansmen called to action regarding White Supremacy. Contact head-*

*quarters. Write P.O. 1511.*" As of old, the Klan seeks to place members in high public office so that all underlings will be forced to join up.

### III

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, which uncovered the Christian Front arsenal, should be interested to hear that the Klan too is preparing for an "M-Day." In California, Grand Dragon C. Earl Snelson announced that the Klan "is recruiting while it trains and marches." Official Bulletin Number Seven reminds Kligrapps that "a poll is to be taken of all members belonging to rifle teams, trap shooting teams, National Guard units, ROTC, and those willing to form turkey shoot clubs." The revised Manual of Klan Kraft, known among initiates as *A Uniform Table of Organization for the Realm of California*, borrows army terms in an obvious effort to put the mob on a military basis.

Komic-opera and krackpot, the new KKK is hardly as sinister as it would like to be. Until recently, a major concern in the call for attendance at rituals was "clean robes" — too often they were tattered nightgowns sadly in need of laundering. The bombastic rhetoric, outlandish nomenclature and

assorted numbo-jumbo are more infantile than ever. Now and then the Komrades get tangled in their principles. At St. Petersburg the Klan ignited an agitated cross on a beach where two weeks before the thinly veiled Miss Sally Rand had posed for pictures. But in Omaha last October, KKK leaflets asked prospective members to write to P O. Box 109, known to be also leased by a Nudist Society.

Not that the renascent Empire is to be dismissed entirely. It can be nasty, even dangerous. Against Negroes and organized labor it has struck out viciously in some areas; against its other two arch-bogies, Catholics and Jews, the weapon has yet to be more lethal than propaganda. Anti-Catholicism, the KKK has found, is the chief motive for joining. And despite phony gestures of loving kindness and "tolerance" toward religious minorities, the Klan is frank in its hatred of "Romanism." It declares that this country has no room for Catholics, burns crosses near Catholic churches, boasts that it has "prevented a pro-Catholic war with Mexico," and threatens a "mopping up campaign . . . a showdown between Romanism and Protestantism." A mid-West Kleagle confided to an investigator that if Jim Farley or Frank Murphy

(both Catholics) were nominated for either President or Vice-President, "We'll wash our knightshirts and go to town!"

There has been a tendency to pooh-poo the Klan's anti-Semitism. Walter White, veteran battler for Negro rights, even charged that some Southern Jewish business men have contributed to its coffers. (In Tampa, according to White, Coughlinites and other Catholics have also supported it.) In November, the Wizard declared that "fifty or sixty" Klan leaders were purged because of their anti-Semitism. Nevertheless an address by the Imperial Horse Doctor at Tampa last September was reported by the *Fiery Cross* as follows:

Charging Jewish propaganda mediums, such as the controlled press, radio and the motion picture, with attempting to embroil this nation in another European conflict, he [Colescott] predicted that if they were successful, the Jew would find a problem in America like no other place in the world.

The Klan's open warfare against organization of labor, as industry has marched southward, is chiefly responsible for its current resurgence. A textile trade publication recently reported:

One can hear in a day's conversation a dozen business leaders state without any reservation of any kind: "If the Klan wants to run the CIO out of the South I am for the Klan and I know



plenty of other good men who are for the Klan, too."

The KKK platform calls for the "prevention of unwarranted strikes by foreign labor agitators" and "closer relationship between capital and American labor." Records seized by police in the mill town of Anderson, South Carolina, disclosed an industrial espionage service set up by the hooded men. In Atlanta, a number of trade union locals were found to be officered by Klansmen. In Aberdeen, Washington, terrorists spurred by the Klan raced through the streets in autos, heaving bricks through windows of both AFL and CIO offices. On many a Southern factory wall and along the roads, signs have recently been posted reading: "CIO Will Not Be Tolerated — KKK." Not to be intimidated, labor has usually fixed the sign to read "CIO Will Not Tolerate KKK."

#### IV

The Klan's most flagrant attacks have been, of course, upon Negroes. Robed rowdies invaded a National Youth Administration camp near Fountain Inn, South Carolina, and terrorized scores of Negro boys and girls. On another occasion fifteen carloads of armed Kluxers lined Fountain Inn Negroes against a

wall, beat them and stole their money. In Greenville a Negro war veteran who complained against Klan activity in a letter to a newspaper was kidnapped for "questioning." At Simpsonville, a Negro woman was stripped before a large crowd.

Hardly as lucrative a racket as it used to be, the Invisible Empire still remains a source of upper-bracket incomes for the Wizard and his partners. Only last summer, George J. Garcia, banished Grand Dragon of the Florida crew, revealed that the national organization "is practically bankrupt." But with the energetic Colescott on the throne, the Klan's three-story robe factory near Atlanta once again bustled. Official Document No. A-3, signed by Colescott and headed "KNIGHTSHIRTS FOR KASH KUSTOMERS," announced that robes are now on sale at three dollars instead of five. The cost of producing a robe is estimated at less than seventy cents. The \$10 initiation fee is divided among solicitors, Kleagles and the national office. To these profits must be added "subsidies" by business men and manufacturers fearful of organized labor.

Politically, the Klan's influence is bantamweight. In its heyday, it controlled governors, senators,

state and city officials. Today few men in office dare to be openly friendly. The experience of Senator Black, almost robbed of his Supreme Court appointment by the Klan smear, is fresh in the minds of most politicians. A number of police officials, and city administrations in Klan centers such as Miami and Tampa, are exceptions. In Greenville, South Carolina, nearly every member of the police force is conceded to be a Klansman. In Orlando, Florida, and elsewhere Klan processions are frequently escorted by police cars. Three deputy sheriffs in Fulton County, Georgia, and the acting sheriff in Anderson County, South Carolina (both scenes of floggings) admitted Klan membership.

Despite the Klan's semblance of liveliness, a recent informal survey among civil liberties defense groups clearly indicates that except in isolated hot spots it is hardly a major menace. In Memphis, for example, a Klan organizer from Atlanta recently arrived to build up a Klavern but gave up after a week of rebuffs. Much fanfare preceded a Klan ritual near Passaic, N. J. in April to which newspapermen were invited, but all the organization could muster were some fifty uncomfortable men, women and children. Realization

of the religious, political and business discord that accompanies the hate racket is probably responsible for the generally cold reception. The three convictions of Klansmen at Atlanta last spring prompted Colescott to beat a strategic retreat; he has issued a ban on the peep-hole white vizor — an order not likely to be observed. He has also prohibited burning of crosses except as a "ceremonial" and suspended the East Point (Georgia) Klan after the Ike Gaston hullabaloo. Nevertheless, some Southern observers believe the time is ripe for a great klucking revival. The CIO invasion, the Negro's growing boldness, Coughlinism, and the collapse of the Bund, Silver Shirts and other haberdashery groups seem to give the Invisible Empire a mandate to act.

Several states have enacted statutes designed to curb if not outlaw the hooded hoodlums. Widespread adoption of such laws would strike a midriff blow at the Klan. A Federal civil rights statute (Section 51, Title 18, U. S. Code) deliberately aimed at the masked conspirators has been on the books since 1870. Enforcement of these laws, as well as of local ordinances against disturbers of the peace, should scuttle the movement beyond further salvage.

- *The strange parallel between the fate of a fallen Premier and that of his nation*

## DALADIER: THE TRAGEDY OF FRANCE

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE most remarkable thing about Edouard Daladier — undisputed leader of France in the first eight months of the war — is that there was little of the extraordinary or spectacular in his career and personality. Only the suddenness and completeness of his collapse was spectacular, and as extraordinary as the collapse of his country.

- Until March, he held in his hands, it seemed, all the reins of power, as Premier, War Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs. Today he is a broken man, and as these words are written in a beleaguered Paris, there are even rumors of his arrest. The analogy between his fate and the fate of his country is striking — the tragedy of Daladier symbolizes the tragedy of France.

- The cause of his decline and fall is quite simple. He was an average man whose misfortune it was to be called on to deal with a crisis that required the combined talents of a Napoleon and a Talleyrand. He was the typical leader of the Third Republic, more honest than some who could easily be named, less

brilliant than others, on broad average neither better nor worse than a dozen Premiers of the pre-1914 or post-1918 eras. A bit of tenacity, a bit of luck, a certain skill in political manipulation placed Daladier at the head of the French Cabinet at a time when a leader, almost against his will, was pushed into the position of semi-dictator. From this height he fell because he was decently average at a time when only a great man could have averted disaster.

A great statesman could have averted or at least postponed a war for which France and Great Britain were ill prepared by accepting German hegemony in Eastern Europe and making every effort to steer Hitler into war with the Soviet Union. Instead, Franco-British policy after March, 1939, proceeded to safeguard Stalin against Hitler without exacting from him anything in return. Subsequently, given the fact of war, and war under vastly less favorable conditions than those of 1914, a statesman of genius would have

realized that the only chance of victory lay in the development of initiative and ruthlessness equal to that of the enemy. Here again Daladier failed as any other "average man" would have failed — as average France failed. Some of the more energetic French Generals would have liked to turn the Siegfried Line by striking through Belgium at the very outset. Such risks were beyond the compass of a Daladier — and of a France in whose image Daladier was fashioned. For both of them the first eight months of inactive war became a soporific instead of an opportunity.

Daladier was France's largest common denominator. He was the familiar political leader, a little left of center, who had been heading French Cabinets, with few exceptions, since the establishment of the Third Republic. There was even something of the largest common denominator in his physical appearance. Short and thickset, serious in manner, he suggested the provinces rather than the boulevards.

The former Premier was born on June 18, 1884, in the little town of Carpentras, in the Department of Vaucluse, not far from the fair historic city of Avignon. Nothing marked him out for special distinction at birth; he was the second

son of the town baker. His mother, however, soon noticed that Edouard was the brighter of the two sons, so he went on with his studies and became a high-school teacher of history, while his older brother carried on the family bakery.

Daladier grew up in a mildly left-wing atmosphere. His father was an adherent of the Radical Socialist Party which the son was one day to head. The name sounds revolutionary; but French parties like to sound much more subversive than they actually are. The Radical Socialists are not socialist at all in the Marxian sense, or radical as Americans understand that word. A Radical Socialist turns out, as a rule, to be a rather mild liberal, while a "Republican of the Left" proves to be a die-hard conservative. Yet this early Radical Socialist association gave Daladier a bias in favor of political and social democracy.

Daladier taught in the high schools of Nismes and Grenoble, and spent a year in Italy doing research on Italian revolutionaries of the nineteenth century. For him, as for many others, the World War was a turning point in his personal life. Entering the war as a sergeant, he won the reputation of being a good soldier, received several citations and emerged with the rank of

captain. After the war he married the daughter of a Parisian doctor. The girl had "adopted" him as a lonely soldier during the war. Correspondence led to acquaintance and acquaintance to love. The health of Mme. Daladier began to fail after the birth of her second son, and she died in 1932. After the war Daladier abandoned pedagogy for politics. He put his foot on the first rung of the political ladder when he became a candidate in his native district and was elected to the Chamber of Deputies.

Daladier rose to the post of Premier through the usual stages of French political apprenticeship. First a deputy, he became a recognized leader and at one time president of the Radical Socialist Party. After a term as Minister of Colonies he was assigned to the Ministry of Public Works. But his most important administrative work was in the War Ministry. His first tenure of this post was short, but he assumed the War portfolio again in 1936 and retained it until his successor, Paul Reynaud, took over the War Ministry after the German breakthrough at Sedan in May.

Daladier had retained from his World War service an interest in military affairs and possessed more technical knowledge of the subject

than the average civilian Minister. The baker's son of Carpentras got on well with the veteran be-medalled Generals over whose deliberations he presided in the *Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre*. He was instrumental in providing the forts of the Maginot Line with a specially trained corps of defenders, the permanent "fortress troops," and he also increased considerably the number of trained non-commissioned officers. In ordinary times he would doubtless have been remembered in French military circles as a conscientious, hard-working Minister who improved the efficiency of the army. It was his tragedy to be an "average man," a *moyen Français*, in times that were not ordinary. Like the unfortunate cashiered Generalissimo, Maurice Gamelin, Daladier lacked the sweep of imagination to envisage the character of war in 1940. All their reasonable defensive calculations, summed up in the Maginot system, collapsed under the terrific hitting power of Nazi Germany with its massed use of airplanes and tanks.

## II

French politics is a mercurial affair, and Daladier, like all French politicians, experienced his share

of ups and downs. His chances of national leadership seemed to have fallen very low after the riots of February, 1934. This outbreak was mainly due to the disclosure, following the mysterious suicide of an international swindler, Stavisky, that through protectors in political quarters Stavisky had been enabled to mulct some municipal pawnshops. The Stavisky affair was exploited to the utmost by embryonic fascist groups. It coincided with a mood of widespread disgust with the real and alleged sins of French parliamentarism. Daladier was himself untouched by the scandal; his personal integrity was not the least of his assets. But when the rioters began to force their way across the bridge over the Seine which leads to the Chamber of Deputies, it was he who gave the order to fire, with the result that seventeen people were killed and more wounded. He defended his action on the ground that an anti-Republican coup was threatened.

Because of this incident Daladier, "*le fusilleur*," temporarily became Public Enemy Number One to the Right, while his economic ideas were too moderate to make him a universal hero to the Left. But he reappeared prominently on the political scene when

a coalition of Radical Socialists, Socialists and Communists, the so-called Popular Front, won a sweeping victory in the election of 1936. And Daladier rose as the Popular Front declined.

The Popular Front went on the rocks through a combination of external and internal difficulties. Repeated devaluations of the franc, always accompanied by increases in the cost of living, impoverished and enraged the substantial *rentier* class, while the hoped-for stimulus to business did not result because of rising costs of production and the insecurity caused by sit-down strikes. There were strong differences within the Popular Front on the issue of intervention in Spain. The notorious dependence of the communists on Moscow was another element of disintegration. Frenchmen, regardless of their views, felt a sense of uneasy humiliation when decisions in the Chamber of Deputies were held up until the communist Führer, Thorez, could hear his master's voice from Moscow.

The alternative to the Popular Front, however, could not be an out-and-out conservative government. The election of 1936 had gone very much in favor of the parties of the Left; no Cabinet could stand without the support

at least of the Radical Socialists. So Daladier, the most available man for Premier in the Radical Socialist ranks, became the natural liquidator of the Popular Front.

Daladier came into office in the spring of 1938, when the international danger was already overshadowing internal squabbles. The Nazi seizure of Austria, the threat to Czechoslovakia showed that Europe was in for a dangerous period. The new Premier clung to the sheet-anchor of French foreign policy, the closest possible understanding with England. The visit of Daladier and Bonnet to London and the return ceremonial visit of the King and Queen to Paris were the outward symbols of the virtual military alliance that was being cemented in the face of the German threat.

As the Popular Front crumbled and finally broke up, Daladier's basis of support shifted from the Left to the Right in the Chamber, pivoting around his own Radical Socialist party. On the ground of the increasingly tense international situation, with its constant possibility of overnight crises, Daladier obtained from Parliament special powers which permitted the Cabinet to issue decrees having the force of laws. This was a half-way step toward dictatorship; it

was the method of Brüning in Germany when the shades were falling on the Weimar Republic.

It is something of a legend among foreign correspondents that Daladier returned from Munich utterly downcast and expecting to be mobbed by the crowds which had gathered to greet him on his arrival in Paris, and that their hearty welcome amazed him. I suspect this legend exaggerates. It is true that Daladier realized more clearly than Chamberlain how much had been given up. To the British Premier, Czechoslovakia was a vague, far-away spot on the map of Europe. Daladier, who had been so closely identified with France's military administration, at least knew how many divisions were falling out of the French system of alliances in Eastern Europe when the strategic frontier of Czechoslovakia was surrendered without firing a shot. But he also knew that French public opinion was sharply divided on the question of fighting for Czechoslovakia. This division, combined with the possibility of crushing German air attacks, was not a hopeful augury for the beginning of a war. Moreover, Great Britain clearly did not want to fight; and every French Government of recent years has tended to follow the British lead.

Daladier's course was supported by most Frenchmen. Almost the only professed opponents of the Munich agreement in France were the communists. Their sincerity, or at least that of their Moscow stage-directors, may be judged in the light of the Hitler-Stalin pact and the general course of Soviet policy after the war which had been threatened over Czechoslovakia became a reality over Poland.

### III

Daladier approved the Franco-German declaration of amity in December, 1938. But like Chamberlain, he was completely disillusioned after the occupation of Prague. As he said in a speech before the Senate on March 19, 1939, after defending his signature of the Munich agreement and his approval of the Franco-German declaration: "The Munich agreement? Destroyed. The declaration of Franco-German collaboration? Violated in the spirit and in the letter." From that time war, instead of a possibility, became a probability. The Premier was able to win applause from all sides of the Chamber when he outlined a vigorous new course for French foreign policy, although the Socialists and communists still op-

posed his domestic economic measures. No organized party opposed the policy of drawing a line around Poland and telling Hitler he would have a war on his hands if he should step over it. The French communists were at that time the loudest warmongers, in line with Stalin's policy of pushing France and England into a war from which he proposed to remain aloof.

Daladier had once paid a private visit to the Soviet Union, along with Herriot, soon after the beginning of the New Economic Policy. But like almost all Western statesmen he had a very limited knowledge of Soviet conditions and psychology, and at times he was inclined to be too hopeful of success in the Anglo-French negotiations for a "peace pact" with the Soviet Union. The only result of these negotiations was the speeding up of the pact with Hitler which Stalin had always desired. The news of that pact came as a shock to the French Premier; at first he refused to believe it.

Daladier was sufficiently civilized to recognize the fearful risks of large-scale war for that kind of France in which he believed — politically and socially democratic, easygoing, attached to old traditions and ways of life. There is profound pessimism in the last



sentence of the letter he addressed to Hitler on the eve of the war.

If French blood and German blood flow again, as was the case twenty-five years ago, each of the two peoples will fight with confidence in victory; but the most certain victory will be that of destruction and barbarism.

From the beginning of the war Daladier radiated an atmosphere of gloom bordering on despair. He was a man visibly bowed down under a terrific burden of responsibility, of being unable to "take it." An accident which he sustained while riding horseback added constant pain to his other difficulties. By general testimony he was an earnest and prodigious worker. His day began at nine in the morning and often lasted far into the night. The pace was too much for him — even as the pace of Hitler's war was too much for his country. He lacked the quality of a great wartime leader, the ability to delegate authority and responsibility, to rid himself of the burden of little decisions in order to keep his mind fresh and clear for the big ones. There was piling up of unfinished business in all his departments. Especially in the last days of his tenure of office, he became almost inaccessible, even to callers on matters of the most urgent importance.

As it turned out, the question of

aid to Finland proved the final straw that broke the back of the Daladier regime. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the wave of emotional indignation that swept the country at the thought of Finland being crushed for lack of help which might have been sent. Daladier's explanation of the situation at a prolonged night session of the Chamber of Deputies behind closed doors did not satisfy the Chamber; and on a vote of confidence the Premier received more abstentions than favorable votes. He resigned, to be succeeded by M. Reynaud.

Daladier and Reynaud were antipathetic types; the former a rather morose, ingrown provincial, with little knowledge of the world outside France; the latter a brilliant cosmopolitan man of the world. The strain of the military crisis aggravated personal relations which had never been cordial. Reynaud arrived too late; anyone at that point would have been too late. The average France — easy-going and relaxed and at bottom a bit incredulous about other people's ferocity or dynamic strength — and the average political leader had gone down together. Daladier's political epitaph might be written in the words:

Mediocrity is not enough.

# THE STATE OF THE UNION

## *The Strange Case of PM*

NEW YORK's new daily newspaper, *PM*, arrived in town with all the modesty of a Barnum & Bailey show. It hit the stands on June 18 with the wallop of nearly two years of ballyhoo, mystery, column-tumping and advance advertising behind it. But we must report that at this writing, ten days after the blessed event, the prospectus and advance publicity are still the best things *PM* has published. Newspaper circles don't expect the infant to survive, unless it gets some extensive plastic surgery, artificial respiration and a basic change of staff diet quickly. But said circles have been wrong before, and this commentary is offered either as a birth notice or an obit., as fate decrees.

*PM* is a verbose tabloid in two colors, every story staff-written and signed, news highly departmentalized, pictures modeled on *Life* and supplemented with arty drawings, style more or less modeled on *Time* with hangovers of *New Masses*, accent on radio, labor, youth, cosmopolis and stunt fea-

tures. It carries no advertising (by choice, we mean), but digests the ads. in other papers. Disdaining objectivity, *PM* headlines and text are editorially slanted, except the page of editorial Opinion which to date has been an achievement in evasion. Individually and theoretically every *PM* innovation sounds boldly exciting, yet all together in cold print they emerge somehow banal, amateurish and confusing.

The confusion is not limited to the visible paper. It extends to the whole background. The ballyhoo around the birth of *PM* has not canceled out the mystery of its conception and gestation. On the contrary, now that the financial backers and the staff members have been thoroughly announced, the mystery is even deeper, and may be summed up in one phrase: the contrast between those *behind* the paper and those *on* it. We have no solution. We can merely state the facts.

An article in the *Nation*, friendly to *PM*, alludes to the mystery but shies away in a hurry. "It is no deep

secret," it states, "that a number of communists and fellow-travelers have been given places on the staff." It's "more than an average number" and "can't be explained away as a coincidence." Then, alluding to the wealthy financial backers, the article adds: "The liberal sprinkling of [Communist] Party members and sympathizers on the staff is difficult to explain, but for the most part is probably to be attributed to the influence of a few well-placed comrades."

Whether this came as startling news to the financial backers we do not know. But there isn't anything they could do about it, because in putting up the dough they also signed away for a five-year period to publisher Ralph McAllister Ingersoll and his associates "complete, absolute and exclusive power to formulate editorial, advertising, circulation, production and promotion policies." Neither can we guarantee that Mr. Ingersoll himself is fully cognizant of the extent to which his staff is "colonized" — to use a good Stalinist phrase — by communists, conscious fellow-travelers, and innocent communist stooges. We can merely guarantee that such is the case. A newspaper backed by money drawn from Sears-Roebuck, A & P, Chrysler Motors, Standard Oil, Wrigley

Chewing Gum, Westinghouse Electric, Marshall Field, etc. . . . loaded with Stalin's past and present buddies . . . and in its initial weeks of publication following substantially the current "party line." Such is *The Strange Case of PM*.

The mystery begins, appropriately, with a writer of detective yarns, Dashiell Hammett. After *The Thin Man* came *PM*. In November, 1938, in a suite at the Hotel Plaza, under the firm name of Publications Research, Inc., Mr. Hammett started to interview applicants for jobs on a nebulous newspaper that later jelled as *PM*. Gossip in newspaperdom (published and otherwise) mentioned such names as Dorothy Parker, Donald Ogden Stewart, Heywood Broun, Ruth McKenney, Lillian Hellman, Kenneth Durant, George Seldes, etc., as interested in the project or as possible participants. The common denominator of these names, from Mr. Hammett down, is that they were at the time prominently connected with endless communist organizations and enterprises.

Then came the news that the brilliant Mr. Ingersoll, editor of *Time Magazine* and before that of *Fortune* and the *New Yorker*, was heading up the undertaking. Ham-

mett receded in the word-of-mouth publicity, but the general Stalinist character of the entourage remained. Right or wrong, the public impression grew that a mouthpiece was being fashioned for the influential Stalinist-liberal elements centered in New York and Hollywood, the so-called anti-fascist People's Front. Indeed, on that lamentable August day last year when Stalin and Hitler made their peace and Europe's war, conjecture was spirited as to what Mr. Ingersoll would do with the fellow-traveler: transmission-belt crowd around him. The People's Front had been kicked so brutally by the Moscow boss that all united-front undertakings were doubled up in pain.

The better-known Stalinists fell away from *PM*. But as the pain of the Nazi-Soviet alliance dulled, it became obvious to job-seekers that for some reason members of Stalin's party, or persons in their good graces, still had the inside track. Unavoidably, therefore, naïve folk hinted darkly at "Moscow gold." But these hints were confounded, about March of this year, by the revelation that *PM*'s backing was respectably and almost belligerently plutocratic. Mr. Ingersoll had raised \$1,500,000 for *PM* on a *carte blanche* basis from sources in

part reflected in the Board of Directors, including:

O. B. Winters, Chester Bowles, Marshall Field, Mrs. Louis Gimbel, Daniel McCarthy, Deering Howe, John L. Loeb, Harry Scherman, M. Lincoln Schuster, Mrs. Marion Rosenwald Stern, Nathan W. Levin, John Hay Whitney, Garrard Winston, William Benton, Harry Cushing, Louis S. Weiss, John F. Wharton, and Mr. Ingersoll. On this set-up Mr. McCarthy, an executive of A & P, represents the Hartford holdings (young Hartford II is a cub reporter on *PM*). Messrs. Howe and Winston are of the law firm of Sherman & Sterling, attorneys for the National City Bank. Mr. Loeb is a prominent broker. Mr. Cushing is vice-president of E. H. Rollins & Co., bankers. Mr. Schuster is from Simon & Schuster, publishers. Mr. Scherman heads the Book-of-the-Month Club.

In short, a group farther removed from communism could scarcely have been assembled. Reference to Bradstreet's or the Directory of Directors will show that the backing of the daily is almost a cross-section of the American economic hierarchy to the extermination or displacement of which so many members of the *PM* staff are dedicated. Let's look at that staff. *PM* has dropped orthodox news-

paper anonymity. Not only is everything in the paper signed, but the names and pedigrees of the entire personnel have been blazoned forth in full-page spreads in all New York papers. We are therefore violating no professional confidences. It may have been mere coincidence, but it's a fact that outspoken critics of the Soviet regime rarely got to first base when that personnel was mobilized, while alumni of the communist *New Masses* found the running easy. Reporters around town soon began to refer to the paper aborning as the "uptown edition of the *Daily Worker*," which was clearly an exaggeration. But unkind suspicions were scarcely allayed by the strange way in which the aforementioned full-page spreads, in advertising the records of the staff, *concealed* certain portions.

For instance, Tom Davin, head researcher, is described as "formerly of Sheridan House," but nothing is said about his long association with the *New Masses*. Similarly, one David Ramsey, *PM*'s assistant financial editor, is listed without any reference to past activities, as though this were his first editorial job. Presumably Mr. Ingersoll is the only person unaware that Mr. Ramsey was editor and assistant editor, 1936-

38, of *The Communist*, official organ of the Communist Party of America, a responsibility hardly entrusted to anyone not high in the councils of the American branch of Stalin's export business.

Within the American Newspaper Guild, the most notoriously communist-ridden chapters are New York and Los Angeles. One of the New York leaders most responsible for this notoriety is Carl Randau. His equivalent in Los Angeles was Tom O'Connor. Again by fantastic coincidence, Carl Randau transferred to *PM* and Mr. O'Connor was yanked straight across the continent for *PM*. With Mr. Randau on the staff is his talented wife, Leane Zugsmith, a name familiar to *New Masses* readers and among signers of Stalinist documents of various types.

Several nationally-known applicants for labor editor were turned down — because they were not fully in accord with the CIO, they charge. In any event, the job went to Leo Huberman, at one time close to the fellow-traveling fraternity. In his department are also Leon Goodelman and James A. Wechsler. Mr. Goodelman used to be regarded in left-wing circles as the "brains" of the communist youth efforts. Mr. Wechsler was on the staff of the *Nation* in its most

rapidly pro-Stalin period and before that editor of the *Student Advocate*, organ of the communist-dominated American Student Union. The Opinion division of *PM* is captained by Louis Kronenberger, a literary critic whose Muscovite predilections are common knowledge. *PM* housing expert is Jules Korchin, formerly with a Soviet outfit in Moscow, where his wife worked on the Moscow *Daily News*; until recently he was leader of a pro-communist technicians' union in the CIO. Margaret Bourke-White, the gifted head photographer of *PM*, was long prominent in fellow-traveling groups and is still in the communist-dominated American Artists Congress. The "news for living" editor, Elizabeth Hawes, has been active in the League of Women Shoppers which, despite its denials, is a standard Stalinist "front."

We could go on, but space is limited. Of course, there is also an array of non-communists and low-down reporters who never heard of Browder's transmission apparatus. And there are a good many known to be close to the communist machine, but who would deny it in the way familiar to their kind.

Aware of the nature of the staff and the nature of the financial backing, we expected the initial

weeks' issues to be subtle in their political bias. But evidently the comrades have no talent for subtlety. Their slant makes some pages dizzying. Once more, perhaps, coincidence, but the first issues ran amazingly parallel to the general political line of the Communist Party. Aid to the Allies becomes, in *PM* headlines, "steps leading towards war." Roosevelt's plan for training of youth becomes a plan for "regimentation" in a page one headline, and later the President is charged casually in a news story with "having designs on the mind of the youth as well as on their lives and bodies." A column is devoted to ridiculing the attempts to uncover Fifth Column activities. The choice of feature materials and their treatment betrays the authentic *New Masses-Daily Worker* touch. The Stalinist slant may not be obvious to the uninitiated. To those who know the code, it's plain enough. No wonder that Harry Bridges, on arriving in New York, recently refused to be interviewed by capitalist labor reporters, receiving only the gentlemen from *PM* and the *Daily Worker*.

That's The Strange Case of *PM*, which only a Dashiell Hammett can solve. In its tabloid format the sheet has only four columns. Is there a fifth? — EUGENE LYONS

# AMERICANA

## ARKANSAS

THE *Marked Tree Tribune* breaks a lance for literacy:

Attorney General Jack Holt has ruled that there is no legal requirement that a school director be able to read and write. We cling to the opinion, however, that it would be a decided advantage.

## HAWAII

HAPPY results of the higher learning in Honolulu, as recorded in the *Star-Bulletin*:

University of Hawaii men would rather be stranded on a desert isle with Hedy Lamarr than any other woman. And women on the Manoa campus would choose Clark Gable for their sole companion on a lonely island.

Those were the statistics obtained from 1000 University of Hawaii students who answered a questionnaire concerning favorites of both sexes, according to Thomas Imai, one of the recorders. He is also promotion editor for *Ka Palapala*.

A close runner of Gable was Erroll Flynn. Second choice of the men was Deanna Durbin, but by no means a close second.

## KANSAS

THE editorial writer of the *Olathe Mirror* stumbles on a great political truth:

In our humble opinion Will Rogers was one of the five greatest men that

ever lived. He could have been a dictator over a nation and Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin would have trembled at his power.

## ILLINOIS

A DISILLUSIONED old man of twenty-eight lists his demands on life in the classified advertisements of the *Publishers' Auxiliary*, of Chicago.

I WANT AN EDITORIAL JOB — not much work and good pay. Have worked hard so far; found it has got me nowhere. No more. Prefer weekly, where I can be human. Will consider publicity work. 4 yrs. experience, daily and weekly. References, if you want them. 28, unmarried. Will even marry owner's daughter. (Offer subject to recall.) X-266, care Western Newspaper Union, Chicago.

## MINNESOTA

THE United Press reports on the progress of civil rights in St. Paul:

Paul Cufer, 25, claimed in court today he was within his Constitutional rights in flirting with a girl on a street car. Sentenced to 15 days in the workhouse, Cufer complained:

"I thought this was a free country where a man has the right to the pursuit of happiness."

## NEW MEXICO

THE ways of the great world beyond are introduced to the citi-

zenry of Albuquerque, and duly chronicled in the local *Standard Times*:

For smartness an A.A.U.W. crowd can't be beat . . . these women are on their toes in all the feminine departments, and don't lag in style, mental activities, etc. . . . and refreshing it was to note the matter-of-fact way in which their national president handled her cigarette at the luncheon table . . . no awkwardness there, just a knowing acceptance . . . and dean of a woman's college!

## OHIO

How gratitude plus publicity may be had for a trifle of \$6,000 is disclosed by an optimistic ad in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*:

WANT a person with a kind heart and money to buy me a Stinson airplane, price about \$6,000. Buy me it and all the gratitude and blessings in the world will be yours. I'm a pilot, a lover of the sky, but by act of God denied the price of a plane. My remuneration to you will be your advertisement and your name painted on the ship and flown to all parts of the United States. Box 21219. Plain Dealer.

## TENNESSEE

Justice à la Gilbert and Sullivan is done in Nashville, and duly recorded in the local *Banner*:

Floyd Jett, charged with escape from the State Prison, and J. B. True, former guard at the prison, who was charged

with aiding an escape, today were dismissed of the charges before Judge Chester K. Hart in Division I of Criminal Court.

Asst. Atty.-Gen. Ben West, representing the State in the cases, said the reason for the dismissal was that he could find no authority for the prosecution of Jett for escaping from the institution when he left the prison in the company of the guard, according to the proof, and True was dismissed, West said, because if there was no escape, he could not be guilty of aiding an escape.

## IN OTHER UTOPIAS

### FRANCE

It's all in the point of view, to judge from this in the Lyon *Nouveliste*:

A distressing piece of news has reached us: two of our sharpshooters have been prisoners in Germany since last September, while it was generally believed that they had drowned in the Lauter.

### RUMANIA

The *Booksellers News Bulletin* of Amsterdam reports a trade item out of the Rumanian capital:

A Bucharest bookseller has found a simple method to make money. He orders regularly a number of copies of Rauschnig's *Hüter Speaks*, because he has discovered that the German Legation immediately buys up all available copies. The more he imports, the more the Legation buys.

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those which are not used cannot be returned.)



# DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

## *The Balance of Nature*

FROM the window beside which this is written it is possible to look out and see, framed by the frame of the window, a little patch of the planet: a few yards of a country creek, an ancient elm, some maple saplings, and a small stretch of meadow-grass in which there is a woodchuck burrow. The hot summer sun lies on this minute fragment of landscape, and there is discernible a stir of life. Near the top of the elm two Baltimore Orioles are clambering blackbird-fashion among the twigs, picking out lice and beetle-larvae from the interstices of the corrugated bark; on a lower branch a phoebe is perching, making periodic swift flights into the air to seize small insects in its flycatcher beak. Near its burrow among the stems of meadow-grass and yarrow the woodchuck is feeding. The small discernible surface of the creek is rippled by the movement of furry-legged water-striders and the occasional dartings of trout and dace.

There is nothing extraordinarily

arresting in this fragment of quiet countryside. A man may look at it and hardly see it, taking for granted these commonplace phenomena of water and fish and birds and a mammal and a tree. But in order that this little piece of landscape may exist, in order that there may be an elm with three birds in it, a woodchuck nibbling at grass stems under the summer sun, and the flash of fins in the cool algae-green water of the brook, there are operating forces and counter-forces, influences and cross-influences, attractions and repellences, so numberless and intricately complicated that they can scarcely be plotted or even counted. Here are myriad interdependencies, myriad contingencies, interlocking cycles beyond reckoning. Here is operating, in short, the subtle and delicate and unimaginably ramified thing called the Balance of Nature.

There are in this soil and sunlight precisely those elements, in precisely the proper combination, that favor an elm tree rather than

a hemlock or a red cedar; the bark of the elm is just such as to furnish food to a particular kind of lice, a particular variety of beetles, that are food for orioles; the flesh of orioles is calculated to support small colonies of mites. There are just so many dace and speckled trout in the brook as its breadth and depth and current and insect-populace permit; there is just so large a populace of woodchucks per acre of meadow as the quantity of vegetation warrants. Were the elm and maples not here to conserve the brook-banks, the stream would gnaw away the soil, broaden and grow shallow, and the trout and dace would be supplanted by other kinds of water-life. The ferns would disappear with the going of the shade. The orioles would depart from this region, giving place perhaps to cowbirds or meadowlarks or other birds that like the sunny open land. These are some of the things that might occur if there were not, in this little patch of earth, a growth of trees. If, on the other hand, there were no birds, changes of a still more spectacular nature might come about. Gnat and fly and beetle might multiply prodigiously, stripping the trees and killing them, reducing the green meadow to a gravelly waste. The woodchuck

would not be found here any more. The life of the brook, its edge growth of vegetation gone, would change entirely.

There is not space for considering the nature of all the change that would ensue were any of the ingredients of this little landscape to be altered. But it is plain enough that if, year after year, there is visible from this window an unchanging landscape of trees and meadow and birds and fish and mammals, it is only because each of these phenomena is in delicate balance with the others. There is a real and profound relation between the number of flies that a trout eats and the age to which the elm will grow, between the thickness of the elm's bark and the size of the woodchuck's babies. It is not a fantastic conceit, but sober truth, that the nature of every single ingredient in this little patch of earth-life determines and is determined by the nature of every one of the others. Woodchuck, trout, tree, oriole, gnat, water and sun . . . these are all inextricably interlinked, their relationship maintained in a balance of extremely subtle complexity. A man could spend a lifetime studying the happenings on this one tiny fraction of his planet and still hardly more than begin to comprehend

the nature of the endless billions of balances which maintain them as they are.

## II

It is a curious thing that the human race, which gives a good deal of careful attention to bank balances, regards power-politics balances with serious scrutiny, and is willing to devote a lot of concentrated energy even to the art of balancing on bicycles, has always had a taste for reckless interference with the balance of nature. A good deal of the interference has taken the form of thoughtless depredation, and some of our spoliations of this kind have occasionally been chronicled in these pages — how, for example, out of stupidity or rapacity man has plundered his planet of eagles and paroquets and cougars and some scores of other fauna; how he has laid waste forests and made once rich earth into desert. But man has also from time to time seen fit to transport birds and beasts from one country to another, commingling the species in patterns more pleasing to his taste. The results of these impetuous experiments have been in many cases sadly remarkable.

There was the introduction, for instance, of rabbits into Australia

and New Zealand. Within a few years after this unhappy feat, in 1864, the Australian rabbits had multiplied to so huge a horde that the legislature had to take action; in New Zealand the rabbit-swarms were eating the grass in such quantity that New Zealand sheep by thousands were dying of starvation. It was not until decades had passed that the alien rabbits found, as the ecological phrase has it, their "niche." When finally the balance of nature did become more or less restored, with rabbits incorporated in its intricate structure, the restoration was effected by the rabbits' development of an epidemic plague which kept their numbers in check. During the long years until the plague appeared (for natural balance, once seriously upset, is slow to develop means of re-equilibration), there appeared every likelihood that the economies of Australia and New Zealand might be destroyed.

The disturbing results of man's whimsical transplantation of rabbits have been matched in the case of many of his other similar experiments. Annoyed by rats in the West Indian island of Jamaica, man imported the mongoose which, in an alien land, away from its natural surroundings and normal enemies, multiplied with huge

fecundity. It fed on Jamaican birds, Jamaican fruits; it ate poultry and slaughtered small domestic animals. At present in Jamaica a dead mongoose is worth a bounty. It is no more esteemed than is our own brown rat, injudiciously transported to American shores about 1775; or our alien gipsy moth which has prospered frighteningly because its normal parasites are not here; or the black-tailed wallaby which, introduced to Kawau Island, in Elton's words "ate out most of the vegetation, and starved out most of the other animals, and with the hordes of opossums came out at night in the fields, grazing like sheep, and in the summer went into the garden, stripping it of fruit and vegetables."

A very tiny disturbance of established natural balance can be enough to cause far-reaching changes. The consequences of a single injudicious depredation can alter the pattern of earth-life of a whole region, and the consequences of a single thoughtless transplantation extend over a vast geographic territory and a long span of years. In the small earth-scene outside

the window beside which this is written there occurred this morning a small event, a minute balance-shift, which in a real sense had its origin in a trivial happening in a far-away city seventy years ago.

In a hollow of the elm, where at this moment the orioles and phoebe are feeding, there were until this morning four baby bluebirds. They had escaped their natural enemies and were nearly ready to fly, to take their place as adults in the natural economy of this their native countryside as eaters of grasshoppers and beetles and caterpillars. This morning these native bluebirds were set upon by an alien visitor and killed. The attack on certain insects here this summer will be that much the less, the natural balance tilted by just so much. It is precisely accurate to say (and most illuminating to ponder) that the four bluebirds are dead today in this remote upstate rural region because in the year 1871 a man unpardonably ignorant of the consequences released in the borough of Brooklyn a pair or two of European starlings.



# THE LIBRARY

## *Neglected Books*

BY BURTON RASCOE

I wish to call attention to a few books published within the last eighteen months which are literary works of outstanding merit and deserving of a wide and appreciative audience, but which, because of the many imponderables of book publishing, not only failed to catch on with the wide reading public but reached such a small number of book buyers, in some instances, as to be downright calamities to both author and publisher.

The reviews, in general, of all of these books but one varied from "favorable" to "raves"; none of them was unmitigatedly condemned or relegated to mere routine notice by the critics. They were well-advertised; at least the publishers spent as much money in advertising them as the advance and continuing sales justified. On some of them, the publishers — so great was their confidence in the merits of the books — spent as much as \$4500 in advertising a single title whose gross sale was less than \$4500

copies. On some of these books the authors were at work two, three and even five, years; and so their wages for their literary labors in some cases averaged as low as \$100 a year. But let them take heart; many authors suffer a series of failures and then suddenly become famous and wealthy almost overnight: Steinbeck published three dismal flops before he clicked mildly with *Tortilla Flat*, and not until he published his fifth novel did he click mightily; Hervey Allen published ten books of poems, biography and fiction with involuntary surreptition, so to speak, before he set the book-reading world afire with *Anthony Adverse*; it is almost a miracle for an author to click, as did Miss Margaret Mitchell, on a first novel.

I give herewith a list of some especially worthy neglected books, in the hope that this belated notice may create some further demand for them and thereby lessen, in however slight a degree, the griev-

ous disappointment to both author and publisher:

*Hamlet Had an Uncle*,<sup>1</sup> by Branch Cabell. Reviewed in the March issue of the AMERICAN MERCURY. Urbane, brilliant and beautiful treatment of the Hamlet legend, in which Cabell adheres more closely to the earliest historical account, the Danish history of Saxo-Græmætius, than did Shakespeare. As with all of Cabell's novels, it is an analogue of happenings in our own time -- in this instance it is an analogue of the rise of Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini.

*Sun and Storm*,<sup>2</sup> by Unto Sepänen, translated by Kenneth C. Kaufman. A Finnish peer of Knut Hamsun's Nobel-Prize-winning novel, *The Growth of the Soil*. One of the most powerful, realistic novels in modern literature.

*River of Earth*,<sup>3</sup> by James Still. This young novelist has such a mature and original style, such an acute sense of character and effective dialogue that he bids fair to become one of our most widely read and highly praised creators of imaginative literature. A year or so hence, I should be willing to wager, the now unsold copies of the first edition of this charming story of a real American youngster in the

Kentucky mountains, will fetch among the rare book dealers, from three to five times its present cost.

*The Last Hunt*,<sup>4</sup> by Maurice Genevoix, translated from the French by Warren B. Wells, illustrated with woodcuts by Lynce Ward. This is a delicately beautiful woodland story of the understanding and affection between a huntsman and a deer, which somehow makes the reader recall W. H. Hudson, Felix Salten and the legends of St. Francis of Assisi. Genevoix is akin also, in spirit, to the AMERICAN MERCURY's Alan Devoe and I, suspecting Mr. Devoe may not have seen this book, am sending him my copy, but not before extracting a promise from him that he will return it.

*We Pointed Them North*,<sup>5</sup> by E. C. Abbott and Helen Huntington Smith. The recollections of "Teddy Blue" Abbott, a Texas and Montana cowpuncher of the seventies and eighties, who rode her up the Long Trail four times, knew Buffalo Bill and Calamity Jane gamblers, cattle-thieves, Indians dead-shots, man-hunting marshal and, above all, the plains and mountains, peoples and customs, songs and legends of the country. It is inconceivable that this book

<sup>1</sup> Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.

<sup>2</sup> Bobb-Merrill. \$2.50.

<sup>3</sup> Viking. \$2.50.

<sup>4</sup> Random House. \$2.50.

<sup>5</sup> Farrar & Rinehart. \$3.00.

shouldn't delight the millions who read cowboy fiction and love the Hollywood "horse-operas," of which tribe I am enthusiastically one, liking the art of any bit player in a movie Western ten times better than the art of Laurence Olivier and fifty times better than the art of Maurice Evans.

*O Canaan!*<sup>6</sup> by Walter E. Turpin. Mr. Turpin has none of the febrile hate of Richard Wright and he resorts to none of the sensational melodramatic devices of *Native Son*, but he is a much more intelligent, humane and, in the deeper sense, talented novelist than Mr. Wright. Here is the intensely moving and significant story of the migration North of a group of Negro farm-hands in response to the industrial demand for labor in 1916 (a year in which rains and the boll weevil devastated the cotton crop of the South), and of their several maladjustments to a new environment, a new way of earning a living, a new kind of social antagonism and, worse perhaps, a sudden (if not long-lived) acquaintance with wealth in the form of daily wages in excess of what they would earn in a month in the South. The social implications of this novel are much more profound and chal-

lenging than the communist propaganda in *Native Son*; and, actually, it is a much more readable book.

*The Dust Within the Rock*,<sup>7</sup> by Frank Waters. The third volume of a notable trilogy of three generations in the mining regions of Cripple Creek and during the rise of Denver and Colorado Springs; but a novel complete in itself.

*Jubal Troop*,<sup>8</sup> by Paul I. Wellman. A thrilling, well-documented and deeply felt novel of the trans-Mississippi immigration into Texas and Oklahoma when the prairies were first attracting settlers and the cattle industry of the plains was just developing. The hero is magnificently realized and the doom that came upon him by one willful perversion of his nobler nature is superbly handled.

## II

It is difficult, after reading these books the first, and even a second, time to account for their failure — or their comparative failure; for some of them sold above the general run of novels. But these are unusual books, fine books; each of them merited a large audience.

Take *Sun and Storm*. It had what you might consider all the breaks

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<sup>6</sup> Doubleday. \$2.50.

<sup>7</sup> Liveright. \$2.50.

<sup>8</sup> Carrick & Evans. \$3.00.

in the world. It was published right at the time when Finland was in everybody's mind because of the Russian invasion. For weeks all the news dispatches from Helsinki described the fighting as occurring in precisely the region that is the locale of this novel. The novel was not only well, but liberally, advertised. The reviews were uniformly enthusiastic. Here was a novel of genuine power, about a people, a country melodramatically in the news. Yet its sales were woefully disappointing.

Why? Your guess is as good as another's. It may have been that people had read so much about Finland in the newspapers that they were fed up with the subject. Or it may have been that people who had been attracted by the reviews or advertisements, and had made up their minds to buy the book, suddenly realized that they did not know how to pronounce the author's name and would not risk going into a bookshop and asking for the book for fear of displaying ignorance. Little factors like that often kill a potential sale.

Cabell's current (and I believe temporary) neglect is more readily explainable. First, each rising generation in literature derides the gods and goddesses that preceded it. Second, at the beginning of the

Great Depression, in 1930, there arose (as always happens in literature and in the field of ideas) a sanguinary but muddle-headed school of critics who suddenly turned to Moscow, like Moslems to Mecca, as the Holy City of Literary and Economic Enlightenment; and soon, under dictation from Moscow and in the enthusiasm of their own conversion to the faith, they were denouncing all literature then in being which was not designed to further the proletarian revolution. Cabell, some one or another of these critics heard, was an F.F.V. Moreover, he wrote decent prose. The combination was intolerable. To dismiss Cabell with contempt because he wrote sentences one could parse, and was of a Virginia family proud of its Colonial traditions, was a diversion so customary that among the Commies it amounted to one of the principal features of the literary auto-da-fés. And they had a certain power over book distribution for some time. I believe Cabell will shortly come again into his own.

And so, in each case no doubt, there are good and plausible explanations for undeserved neglect. Which is no consolation to author and publisher. Worse than that, the neglect is a real loss to the reading public.



# THE CHECK LIST

## FICTION

**CELIBATE AT TWILIGHT**, by John Mosher. \$2. *Random House*. Exquisitely tired, bored and wistful pieces about life among the socialite numskulls, which also happens to be searing sub-acid satire. Perfectly in the New Yorker's disillusioned but understated, well-bred vein.

**ASK ME TOMORROW**, by James Gould Cozzens. \$2.50. *Harcourt*. Brilliant, witty literary *hors-d'oeuvre*, entirely out of the grim and hopeless spirit of the day, and therefore (to this reviewer) a most welcome treat. More in the spirit of Henry James, Norman Douglas and Marcel Proust (if such an alignment of names doesn't shock anyone's second-hand sense of the fitness of things) than in that of the latest great, big, vital masterpieces about great, big, vital people — murderers, schizophrenics, dumbclucks and imbeciles. This novel is about the European excursion of a poverty-ridden, mediocre novelist, drawn unwittingly and unwillingly into love pangs and frustrations in a sophisticated old-world atmosphere of decadent wealth and lives at loose-ends. Ironical and delightful, with many shrewd observations on facts pleasant and unpleasant about human nature.

**DOCTOR DOGBODY'S LEG**, by James Norman Hall. \$2.50. *Little, Brown*. The famous co-author of *Mutiny on the Bounty* here spins a hearty series of extremely masculine tales among old sea dogs around the table in the tap-room of Will Tunn's Cheerful Toroise. Each tale, even though unrelated to Doctor Dogbody, contains a wholly different and preposterous version of how the doc lost his leg, the doc being the narrator of each version and always roundly contradicted by an eye-witness — there are quite a number of

them, each also having a different version of the heroic occasion. Written in the humorously pompous eighteenth-century English mariners' diction, with plenty of ship and sailing terms, it is right up the alley of those who dote on adventures before the mast.

**QUIETLY MY CAPTAIN WAITS**, by Evelyn Eaton. \$2.50. *Harper*. Glamorous and romantic novel for escapists (and who doesn't want to be an escapist now?) about a high-spirited and unconventional girl who loved a naval ensign, and braved the terrors and hardships of frontier and garrison life in the province of Quebec during the French and Indian wars. The heroine, a veritable Becky Sharp in her irresistibility, is taken from authentic records bearing upon the career of a real woman.

## NON-FICTION

**WHY EUROPE FIGHTS**, by Walter Millis. \$2.50. *Morrow*. The author of *Road to War* here traces Europe's and the world's road to the present war; and in his hands it is history that reads excitingly. The issues in the present conflict, Mr. Millis suggests, are on a different level than in the preliminary World War. A concise, dramatic, accurate summation of the tragic interval between the two wars — the minimum background information for an understanding of the news.

**THE STRATEGY OF TERROR**, by Edmond Taylor. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. A foreign correspondent reports the "war of nerves" from pre-Munich to date. The strategists of psychological warfare, both before and after the formal military hostilities, are here given their due at a moment when the mili-

tary strategists hog the show. Mr. Taylor bases his book on his own and his wife's diaries for the period covered, giving the story a thrilling close-up quality.

**NEMESIS**, by Douglas Reed. \$2.75. *Houghton Mifflin*. Believe it or not, Hitler's Germany, too, has its Fifth Column. Its long-distance leader and Hitler's Nemesis is Dr. Otto Strasser, whose melodramatic life-story is told without sparing thrills and adjectives in this book by the author of *Insanity Fair*.

**THE SUCCESSFUL ERROR**, by Rudolf Allers. \$3.00. *Sheed & Ward*. A devastating analysis of the Freudian theories by a psychiatrist and erudite scholar. We are not equipped to judge the arguments, but we guarantee some excruciating hours for psychologists of the Freudian persuasion.

**BROTHER, HERE'S A MAN**, by Kim Beattie, with a foreword by Her Late Majesty, Marie of Rumania. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. The Paul Bunyan legends are puny, unimaginative and pusillanimous in comparison with the real life story of this mighty and almost incredible Irishman. Joe Doyle was a soldier, prize-fight manager, sourdough in the Klondike, bruiser and leader of men over Chilkoot Pass, inventor of a new technique in engineering which made him \$13,000,000, British agent in Russia during the Bolshevik Revolution, leader of the White army, rescuer of Rumanian treasure in the Kremlin, a sort of morganatic consort and chief adviser of Queen Marie and called "Uncrowned King of Rumania," and a mysterious big shot in the Shell Oil fight with Standard for Near-East oil control. A lusty, loud-swearing individualist with tough knuckles, tough brains and tougher guts, he lived prodigiously and died in poverty.

**THE FEMININE FIFTIES**, by Fred Lewis Pattee. \$3. *Appleton-Century*. A delightful history of the decade of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, the Females Militant, *Hiawatha*, Dickens' visit to America, Melville

and Hawthorne, the Fox Sisters, Artemus Ward, E. P. Roe, Whitman, and the rise of New York City as a literary center rivalling Boston.

**THE ART OF MODERN WARFARE**, by Hermann Foertsch, with an Introduction by Major George Fielding Eliot. \$2.75. *Veritas Press*. If the Allied military leaders had heeded this book, published some years ago in Germany, the fate of Western Europe might have been different. Foertsch, whom Major Eliot calls the Clausewitz of modern military tactics, set forth the principles and technique of mechanized warfare which Germany has followed with such astounding results, while Great Britain and France were relying upon the outmoded classical theories of warfare, putting too much dependence upon defense fortifications and on static masses of troops. This book describes the theory and method of the *Blitzkrieg* simply, clearly and in detail. Major Eliot pays a compliment to the translator, Theodore W. Knauth, for his clear and readable military English.

**THE LYRIC PSALTER**, edited by Dr. Harry H. Mayer. Contributors: Shane Leslie, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Padraic Colum, Theodore Maynard, Lord Dunsany, Sylvia Townsend Warner and many others. \$3.00. *Liveright*. An anthology of poems of a spiritual and soul-comforting nature by modern and contemporary writers, all in the tradition of the Psalms of the Old Testament. The poets represent various religious denominations and so the poems are poetic messages of hope, faith, love and courage for people of all faiths and creeds.

**ON THE TRAIL OF THE EIGHT-POINTED CROSS**, by Elizabeth Wheeler Schermerhorn. Illustrated. \$4.00. *Putnam*. An absorbing, scholarly history (a little heavy) of the Knights Hospitallers and their influence upon medieval, Renaissance and modern Europe. Mrs. Wheeler has been working thirty-odd years gathering material for this book, the first of its kind.

# THE OPEN FORUM

## THOMAS E. DEWEY: MYTH OR MARTYR?

SIR: I am very much surprised that your magazine has given so much space to an article written by Benjamin Stolberg, entitled Thomas E. Dewey, Self-Made Myth."

A little ridicule at times is amusing, but excessive ridicule is disgusting. I cannot help but believe that the author is using your magazine to get across a personal grudge; or on the other hand it may be that he is writing in the interest of some group whose methods have been interfered with.

C. D. MARSHALL

Pittsburgh,  
Pennsylvania.

SIR: In Mr. Benjamin Stolberg's effort to lessen one's respect for Mr. Dewey by belittling his pedigree and previous positions, he only increases a reader's admiration for Mr. Dewey's accomplishments through his own individual ability. The author's apparent animosity and sympathy with Hines, Luciano, Cokey Flo Brown, Nancy Presser and Mildred Harris and his opposition to a change in criminal procedure tending to protect the public by making it easier to convict criminals known to be criminals causes one to suspect that maybe the author at some time might have felt an attack from the one he wishes to describe as a "self-made myth."

Why so much ridicule of a man who is generally conceded to have ability, courage, a fine intellect and good reputation? Rather than to conjure a motive of vindictiveness on the part of the author, I will assume that he enjoyed an egotistical effort to reduce one who might oppose the present incumbent, to whose infamy the author is probably still devoted.

FRANK L. FEITZER

Denver,  
Colorado.

SIR: For your article on Thomas E. (Buster) Dewey, many thanks. It added solid facts to my hunch that the Little Man is not all he cracks himself up to be. Until the night of May 27 I thought he was just a sassy brat yelling, "Hey you guys, lookit me!" Now I suspect he's a bad boy playing with matches in the hayloft. After that speech in Dallas somebody ought to take him firmly by the ear, lead him into the woodshed, and apply the paddle until he learns not to use American Defense for partisan purposes. I'm just as much disturbed about the mental balance of the crowd who cheered when he bull-roared that American Defense is no good, and that only the Republican Party, and by inference, Little Tommy Dewey, can do anything about it. I'm a congenital Republican, back to my great-grandfather, but after that display of rip-snorting stupidity, I have my doubts.

Having taken a crack at the Republicans, may I also call to your attention the do-nothing attitude of the present administration with regard to the sale of war supplies to Japan? I know a lot of people, Republicans and Democrats, dumb and not-so-dumb, who are working up a deep, smouldering anger at the thought that some day we may get our gasoline and scrap steel back in a way that will not be very pleasant or profitable.

JEAN DEVOE

Emporium,  
Pennsylvania.

## OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER?

SIR: In The Open Forum in your May issue Mr. Richard L. Neuberger recommends that President Roosevelt recall Mr. Steinhardt, American Ambassador to Russia, fol-

lowing the precedent set by the recall of our Ambassador to Germany in 1938.

Such a recommendation could only come from a complete misconception of the reasons we send representatives to other countries. Mr. Roosevelt's recall of our Ambassador to Germany has been conceded to have been a mistake, since Germany has as much right to mishandle her internal affairs without protest from us as we have to mishandle ours without interference from her. Would Mr. Neuberger think France and England justified in recalling their Ambassadors when we have lynchings, strike breaking murders, etc.; in the United States?

The business of foreign representatives is that of looking after the affairs of our nationals in those countries and keeping our State Department posted on matters affecting our government. We do not send men abroad to swallow camels while searching for gnats, or to express "moral indignation" at internal policies of other nations.

LOUISE N. WHEELWRIGHT

*Blowing Rock,  
North Carolina.*

### THE THIRD TERM TABU

SIR: A great many people have the idea that the traditional two-term limit upon the Presidential tenure originated when Washington refused to run for a third time. In fact, Washington had nothing to do with it. On the contrary, during the Constitutional Convention he voted for a "proposal which would have made it possible for a President to enjoy office for fourteen successive years." Moreover, in 1789 he wrote to Lafayette: "I can see no propriety in precluding ourselves from the services of any man who, in some emergency, shall be deemed universally most capable of serving the public."

It was really Jefferson who established the precedent. He constantly feared the danger of dictatorship through perpetuation of an individual or group in office. In his autobiography we find this historic remark:

"The example of four presidents [Wash-

ington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe voluntarily retiring at the end of their eighth year and the progress of public opinion that the principle is salutary have given it in practice the form of precedent and usage inasmuch that, should a President consent to be a candidate for a third election, I trust he would be rejected on this demonstration of ambitious views."

WESLEY THOMPSON

*Napoleon,  
North Dakota.*

### DO CRITICS HELP?

SIR: In view of Mr. Richard Wright's violent outburst in the July issue of the AMERICAN MERCURY against me and my unfavorable appraisal of his novel, *Native Son*, it would appear from this almost deadly parallel that the review was instructive, anyhow, to Mr. Wright:

From my review of *Native Son*, AMERICAN MERCURY, May issue: "Bigger Thomas [her of the novel] is just a small scale Negro Hitler or a Negro Stalin or Mussolini."

From an article entitled *How 'Bigger' Was Born*, by Richard Wright, *Saturday Review of Literature*, June 1: "I've even heard Negro say that maybe Hitler and Mussolini are a right; that maybe Stalin is all right; they did not say this out of any intellectual comprehension of the forces at work in the world but because they felt these men did things . . . More than anything else, as a writer, I was fascinated by the similarity of the emotional tensions of Bigger in America and Bigger in Nazi Germany and Bigger in old Russia. All Bigger Thomases, white or black, felt tense, afraid, nervous, hysterical and restless. From far away Nazi Germany and old Russia had come to me items of knowledge that told me that certain modern experiences were creating types of personalities whose existence ignored racial and national lines of demarcation, that these personalities carried with them a more universal drama-element than anything I've ever encountered before . . . I felt that Bigger carried within him the

potentialities of either Communism or Fascism."

Perhaps you wonder why Mr. Wright speaks twice of "old Russia." Why didn't he find that Biggers are produced in new Russia? The answer is easy: Mr. Wright acknowledges in this article that he is a member of the Communist Party and expresses his hope that the Negro Biggerses of this country will "come to an understanding with the millions of his kindred fellow workers under trade union or revolutionary (i.e. Communist) guidance." For him to suggest that a Bigger might be developed in Stalin's Utopia would be to invite rebuke and perhaps reprisals among his comrades for heresy.

If the Stalinists succeed in stirring up active hatred for the whites among the Negroes to the point where the Negroes are let in for a lot of misery, you can't say that Mr. Wright didn't ask for it.

BURTON RASCOE

New York City.



## BECAUSE THEIR SKIN IS BLACK

SIR: Mr. Rascoe's remarks about *Native Son* in your May issue are typical of the American white man who thinks he understands the Negro. It is difficult for any intelligent person to agree with him that "I can't see that Bigger Thomas had anything more to contend with in childhood than I or dozens of my friends had." That such a statement is preposterous, to say the least, is evidenced by the rank racial discrimination in our public school system and by the large proportion of educated Negroes who have been forced to accept menial jobs simply because their skin is black.

It is unfortunate that persons of Mr. Rascoe's ability and influence contend or imply that the Negro has equal opportunity while people are taught to put a premium on a pale skin and to look askance upon their brethren of darker hue.

ALVIN G. BROOKS

Evanston,  
Illinois.

## IN BRIEF

Benjamin Stolberg's article on Thomas E. Dewey has provoked a storm of protest and approval. Leon Kaufman, of Los Angeles, supports his attack with quotations from George Seldes and Robert Forsythe (Kyle Crichton), who in the past have been among outstanding Stalinist hatchet men. Frank A. Garbutt seems to have seen in the article only "a low order of wit," and demands that we "cleanse" ourselves by "making amends." E. T., of Mr. Dewey's home town, says: "Of course Mr. Stolberg is right about the nature of Mr. Dewey's methods as a prosecutor. But suppose his record were unexceptionable — how would it qualify him for the highest office in the gift of the American people?" . . . Messrs. Frank, Weil & Strouse, attorneys for the Association of Producers of Roquefort Cheese, take issue with Edith M. Stern's article, *Imported Cheese — Made in the U. S. A.*, saying, among other things, that "practically all American courts have condemned the use of such name [Roquefort] with reference to any cheese made out of different ingredients in the United States, and granted injunctions restraining any such designations as a fraud upon the consuming public." Mrs. Stern replies: "I was quite familiar with the court decisions. . . . I am not trying to put over a fraud on the public by selling cheese not made in Roquefort, under a misleading label, but simply saying that the cheese known as Roquefort can be, and is, reproduced in this country." . . . E. R., of New York, suggests that "Such outrages as the recent bombing of Nazi and Communist offices in New York City may possibly be prompted by a feeling which many citizens share these days: that the country is not being protected against the civilian armies of foreign governments. If our federal, state, and municipal administrations would take steps against the secret agents of Hitler and Stalin instead of appointing them or their pliant tools to public office, there would be less danger of hot-heads taking the law into their own hands."

## THE CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is the distinguished historian. His most recent book, *Empire on the Seven Seas*, is currently a best seller.

EDWARD J. BING is the creator of the European and Near Eastern services of the United Press. From 1914 to 1918 he was an officer in the Turkish Army. In 1938 he published *The Secret Letters of the Last Tsar*. His autobiography, *Of the Meek and the Mighty*, came out recently in England.

JAMES A. BLACK is a native of Texas, now living in New York.

KAY BOYLE, one of the best known American novelists and short story writers, has been living in Europe since 1922. She is a winner of the O. Henry Memorial Award, and her latest book is *The Crazy Hunter*.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN, *Christian Science Monitor* foreign correspondent, is the author of many books on Russia and the Far East. His most recent assignment was to Paris, whence he fled after the city fell to the Nazis.

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY is the well-known pilot, designer and builder of airplanes. During the World War he was in command of Pursuit Aviation in the Baltic Sea for the Imperial Russian Navy. After the Revolution he came to America where his talents quickly won recognition. He was

commissioned a Major in the Air Corps Specialist Reserve, gave the U. S. Army its first low-wing, all-metal training airplane (P-35 Seversky Pursuit) and a series of other contributions to aviation.

KARL DETZER contributed the article *Housing Holdup* to our last issue. He is a novelist and magazine writer.

THEODORE IRWIN is a New York newspaperman, novelist and frequent contributor to national magazines; at present he is publicity director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

B. G. PORTWELL is the pen-name of a well-known educator.

PHILIP RAHV has contributed literary criticism to the *Southern Review*, the *Kenyon Review*, the *Nation* and other periodicals. He is one of the editors of *Partisan Review*.

STANLEY ROSS is the editor of *Long Beach Life*, a Long Island publication.

ANTHONY M. TURANO, an attorney of Reno, Nevada, writes extensively on legal subjects. Many of his articles have appeared in these pages.

MARY N. S. WHITELEY, who has been writing and publishing poetry for the past ten years, lives in Washington, D. C.

THOMAS WOLFE: the sketch published in this issue is a fragment of his forthcoming posthumous novel.

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of structure and plenty of confidence enough for the purpose, for a clever man. Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra have given the over-ht score a performance of such cheerful-ness that the music, before satiety, is pleasant; and the recording is altogether mendable.

*bert* — *Symphony No. 9, in C* (Columbia um M-403, \$11.00). The sober performance by Frederick Stock and the Chicago phony Orchestra lacks the sting, poign- and drive of Bruno Walter's imagina- celebration of this beautiful work (Victor im M-602). The latter is still recom- ded as the best version of five now on ds.

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C. G. B.

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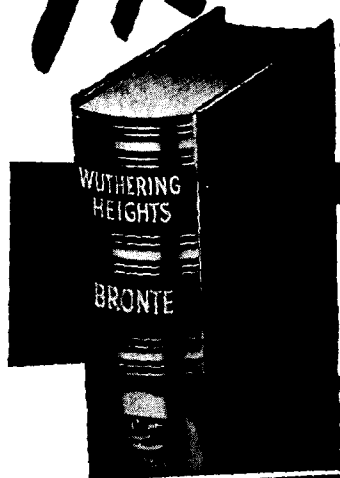
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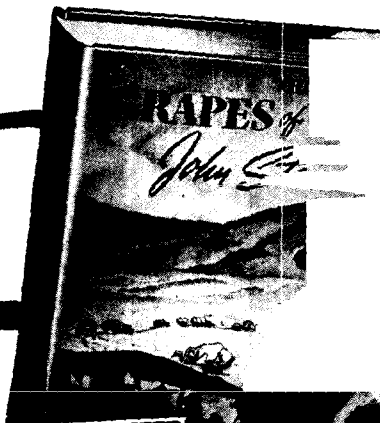
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